The Outlook

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The Aldrich and Fowler Currency Bills

Mr. Fowler, of New Jersey, Chairman of the House Committee on Banking and Currency, has introduced in Congress a currency bill which has been favorably reported out of the Committee. There are now, therefore, two currency measures for the immediate consideration of Congress at this session—the Aldrich or Senate Bill and the Fowler or House Bill. The Outlook believes that it is unquestionably for the best interest of the country that the Fowler Bill should be abandoned and that the Aldrich Bill should be passed. We shall endeavor to state briefly our reasons in this paragraph. The banking currency of this country is at the present time an inelastic, bond-secured currency. While it is true that our currency and banking system, as Mr. Carnegie pointed out in last week's Outlook, is in some respects one of the most artificial, unscientific, and unpractical in the world, the immediate pressing need for the country is not an entire revolution and reconstruction of that system, but the introduction into our banking currency of the quality of elasticity—that is to say, we ought at once, in order to meet the needs of commercial, agricultural, and manufacturing business, to provide a method by which the volume of banking currency in the country may increase and contract with the regular bi-annual increase and contraction in the volume of trade. The Aldrich Bill practically and simply provides such a method which may be incorporated in or added to our present long-established system of bond-secured currency. Mr. Fowler's bill, on the other hand, if passed, would mean a complete and radical revolution of our present National banking currency methods. It wipes out in one stroke the use of Government bonds as the basis for circulation; it provides for a guarantee of all deposits; it permits National banks to do the business of trust companies; and it makes several other important changes of detail in National bank management which need not be recounted here. We agree with Mr. Fowler that our present bond-secured currency is archaic, that an asset currency like that which works so successfully in Canada would probably be much more desirable, and would doubtless, if it could be adopted, provide a greater degree of elasticity than that which will result from the Aldrich plan. But, in our judgment, Mr. Fowler's bill is absolutely impractical to-day because it cannot be passed. Whatever the defects of our bond-secured circulation, the country, both by education and by long usage, is convinced that to abolish it after a month's debate is unreasonable. The Outlook urges the passage of the Aldrich Bill because it enlarges the scope of our present system and provides for elasticity without any jeopardy of safety. It is purely an expedient, to be sure, but an expedient is what is immediately needed. With the simple and safe elasticity of the Aldrich plan adopted, the country can then very properly and without anxiety turn to a discussion of the question whether it does not wish ultimately to abandon totally the present system and construct one along the lines proposed by Mr. Fowler. This, however, cannot be done in a brief Congressional debate. The question of an entire reconstruction of American banking and currency should have the painstaking consideration of a commission of experts who should make a complete report to Congress; of this commission Mr. Fowler might very well be the chairman.

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What Waterways Mean to Transportation

The President's latest Message to Congress, read to that body last week, is on the subject of inland waterways. Highways, railways, waterways—these are the three means of inland transportation. Highway development began with the settling of our country and has continued ever since. Railway development began with the invention of the locomotive and has continued at a prodigious rate; our country stands first among the nations in railway mileage, and yet railways now form all but a small percentage of our inland transportation facilities. Waterway development, however, begun before the invention of the locomotive, and continuing to a marked efficiency, was checked by the natural growth and legitimate competition attending railway extension, with its quicker service, more convenient terminals, and absorption of all the best water frontage, and also, later, by discriminating tariffs and rebates and by the acquisition of competing canals and vessels. So overwhelming has been the competition that to-day inland waterway transportation is no longer in the hands of waterway but largely of railway companies. Last year there was greater congestion than ever of freight on our railways. In a decade the products of our northern interior States have doubled, while railway facilities have increased but an eighth. People began to say that if American waterways were fully developed the congestion would be relieved. The President appointed a commission to investigate the subject and see whether the Federal Government, in its control of navigable streams, could not undertake a general plan to secure to the people the uses of their waterways. There are in our mainland about 25,000 miles of navigated rivers and an equal mileage navigable or to be made so; there are also some 2,500 miles of navigable canals, and about the same mileage of sounds and bays readily connectable by canals. Finally, there are some thousands of miles of regularly navigated waters in lakes and landlocked bays. As the Waterways Commission says in its report transmitted to the President, the time is at hand for restoring and developing such inland navigation as may appear to confer a benefit commensurate with the cost. In his Message transmitting the report to Congress the President says that the cost will be large, but far less than would be required to relieve traffic congestion by railway extension.

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What Waterways Mean to Health and Agriculture

As President Roosevelt remarks, our river systems are better adapted to the needs of the people than those of any other country. "In extent, distribution, navigability, and ease of use, they stand first. Yet the rivers of no other civilized country are so poorly developed, so little used, or play so small a part in the industrial life of the Nation as those of the United States." Now every waterway should be made to serve the people in as many different ways as possible. We have not yet realized how many are these ways. First of all, a waterway is valuable because of its supply of water for drinking, for domestic and municipal purposes. But the increasing pollution of streams by the waste substances connected with a growing population renders the water supply sometimes destructive of human life. Again, the low water of late summer means the exposure of foul banks, with consequent disease and death. Hence the waterway must be purified. Again, from time immemorial a waterway has been valuable for irrigation. The Federal Government has already irrigated over ten million acres, affording a chance for a quarter-million homes and adding several hundred million dollars of taxable wealth to our National resources. Drainage is hardly less necessary, and any comprehensive system of inland waterways improvement should include the reclamation of swamp lands. We have seventy-seven million acres of such land, now unproductive. With drainage and protection from overflow it would have high agricultural value; if divided into forty-acre farms, it would furnish homes for about ten million people. The annual overflow occasions loss of property reaching millions of dollars, with considerable loss of life. We should also consider the annual soil-

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wash, estimated at about a billion tons. The greater part of this comes from the richest portion of our farms. We may well remember the double loss, first to the farms and then the burden to navigation by the consequent formation of bars and shoals. Out of the Mississippi alone goes every year much more earth in the form of sediment than we are to take from the Panama Isthmus in order to construct the Canal.

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What Waterways Mean to Industry and Defense

Again, a waterway is valuable at its rapids for the storage of water power as used for operating mills before the introduction of electricity, or, now, also for the generation of electric power. As President Roosevelt says: "It is poor business to develop a river for navigation in such a way as to prevent its use for power, when by a little foresight it could be made to serve both purposes. We cannot afford needlessly to sacrifice power to irrigation or irrigation to the domestic water supply, when by taking thought we may have all three." If we have not realized the many ways in which a waterway is valuable for health and agriculture, neither have we realized that it may conserve our mineral resources, that its use in transportation instead of by rail saves iron and steel; furthermore, that its use as water power saves coal. We cannot have water for either of these uses unless we have forest protection, and this, of course, saves timber. Under these circumstances the introduction of bills to provide for the largest use of our navigable waters by all the people should receive the careful attention of Congressmen. But they should as vigorously condemn any bills suggested by companies desiring to control any part of our waterways without compensation to the public, and to escape Government regulation. Finally, waterways are valuable for the National defense, especially the deep channels along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts and from the Gulf to the Great Lakes. Thus waterway improvement should be begun at once, and the various waterway uses, regarding health, domestic and municipal supply, navigation, the various agricultural and manufacturing resources, and, finally, National defense, should be developed at the same time. As a first step, Congress should authorize the President to bring together the bureaus in the Departments of War, the Interior, Agriculture, and Commerce, dealing with the various waterway uses. Otherwise there will be delay, and while we delay, the country's natural resources, as the President says, are being absorbed by great monopolies. The President refers with particular emphasis to the dangers of private control of water powers. There are now before Congress seven bills perniciously providing for perpetual franchises in water powers, none of which ought to be permitted to pass. This phase of the problem of our natural resources we propose to discuss more fully in a later issue.

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Brownsville Again

For futile discussion of a closed case the Brownsville affair promises to become worthy of historical record. Here it is a year and a quarter after the President, as Commander-in-Chief of the army, decided to dismiss three companies of the Twenty-fifth Infantry; and yet the Senate Committee on Military Affairs only last week passed resolutions on the subject. The Committee, by a vote in which party lines were confused, upheld the President. Although on several resolutions the division was eight to five, only two of thirteen members of the Committee declared by their vote that they believed that no soldiers of the Twenty-fifth Infantry took part in the shooting affray; and even one of these two later declared by his vote that the evidence showed that the shots were fired from the soldiers' rifles. That this matter has been kept agitated is due to Senator Foraker. There is too much political fertilizer in this subject for him to abandon it even now. It has helped him to cultivate the political loyalty of a certain class of negroes who confuse fidelity to their race with a blind support of anything that any member of their race does. It has helped him to cultivate, too, a welcome tolerance in a certain rather naïve portion of the

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press which on other subjects has been disposed to be intolerant of him. It helps to consolidate opposition to the President; and in the eyes of some earnest people that would justify almost anything. We may expect, therefore, the Brownsville incident to be kept alive. It is astonishing, however, to find how persistent is the idea that the action of the President in discharging the negro troops was a punishment. Of course it was not; and most of those who affect to treat it as such know that it was not. It was an order by the Commander-in-Chief for the good of the service, and for the maintenance of confidence in the army.

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A Victory for Posterity

Immeasurable in its consequences, laden with vast potential benefit to the entire country for generations to come, the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Curt Muller case might well be celebrated with a great demonstration. There have been military victories acclaimed with the ringing of bells and with bonfires that have had no more significance for the future of the land than this sober decision. It is, in brief, that American women can be protected by law against commercial greed. The case was epitomized in The Outlook for February 8. A laundryman denied, on Constitutional grounds, the right of the State of Oregon to put other limitations on the hours of labor for women than it put upon hours of labor for men. The Supreme Court of the United States now declares, for the first time, that a State has that right. Although nominally a Constitutional question, it is really a vast social question that the Court has answered. It declares that in contractual rights women stand on the same plane as the other sex. This is the Constitutional aspect of it. But the State has the Constitutional right, for the public good, to limit the contractual rights of the individual. The question then becomes one of fact: Is the special protection of women by limitation of contractual rights for the public good? It is this question which was effectually answered by the great array of testimony marshaled by Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, of counsel for the State of Oregon. So effectual was this that it appears epitomized in the opinion; indeed, it was apparently the determining factor in convincing the Court. This testimony the Court declares to be "significant of a widespread belief that woman's physical structure, and the functions she performs in consequence thereof, justify special legislation restricting or qualifying the conditions under which she should be permitted to toil." Though "constitutional questions . . . are not settled by even a consensus of present public opinion," yet the Court holds that "when a question of fact is debated and debatable, and the extent to which a special constitutional limitation goes is affected by the truth in respect to that fact, a widespread and long-continued belief concerning it is worthy of consideration." That statement, by the way, lays down a principle which has an application far beyond this case; it is a principle that will be invoked with increasing frequency as complex social conditions of modern life call for new Constitutional interpretations. Applying that principle in this case, the Court affirms that "as healthy mothers are essential to vigorous offspring, the physical well-being of woman becomes an object of public interest and care in order to preserve the strength and vigor of the race." On account of her physical constitution, "she is not an equal competitor with her brother." In spite of the removal of legal and other disabilities, "she will still be where some legislation to protect her seems necessary to secure a real equality of right." Such legislation to defend woman, to use the Court's phrase, "from the greed as well as the passion of man," is not merely for her benefit, but for the well-being of the race. The opinion (which was delivered by Mr. Justice Brewer) virtually reaches a conclusion as follows:

> Many words cannot make this plainer. The two sexes differ in structure of body, in the functions to be performed by each, in the amount of physical strength, in the capacity for long-continued labor, particularly when done standing, the influence of vigorous health upon the future well-being of the race, the self-reliance which enables one to assert full rights, and in the capacity to maintain the struggle for subsistence. This difference justifies a difference in

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legislation and upholds that which is designed to compensate for some of the burdens which rest upon her.

Unquestionably this is one of the momentous decisions of the Supreme Court.

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A Decision as Regards Railway Rebates

The decision in the case of the Great Northern Railway Company, handed down by the United States Supreme Court last week, does not affect the right of the Government to forbid railway rebates, nor to punish such offenses according to law, for those questions were not before the Court. The point of the decision was that the provisions of the Elkins Act were not repealed by the subsequent passage of the Hepburn Act so far as they related to causes of action the prosecution of which had begun before the Hepburn Act was passed. In this case the Great Northern Railway Company was charged with various violations of the Elkins Act, in that the railway granted special concessions in rates to individual shippers, unfairly and below the published schedules of rates. The facts were admitted by the railway to be as charged by the Government; but the defense was set up that the statute under which the indictment was found had been repealed; so that the real question before the Court was to determine how far the re-enactment by the Hepburn Act of the provisions of the Elkins Act, with modifications as to the method of punishment and other minor matters, operates to prevent prosecution and sentence under the older law for offenses committed prior to the date when the Hepburn Act was enacted. It was agreed on all sides that all laws, or parts of laws, in conflict with the provisions of the later act—namely, the Hepburn Act—were repealed, but the Government contended, and the Court upheld the contention, that the question now brought up was provided for by a special clause in the Hepburn Act, following the general repealing clause. This saving clause was as follows: "But the amendments herein provided for shall not affect causes now pending in the courts of the United States, but such causes shall be prosecuted to the conclusions in the manner heretofore provided by law." This is certainly very plain and clear language; and the elaborate arguments of the defense to show that the obvious meaning was not the meaning intended by Congress in passing the law fell to the ground, for the simple reason that if the Government's interpretation was not the correct one, nothing of meaning or sense remained in the clause. Of course this decision does not affect, either favorably or unfavorably, any prosecutions which may be brought, or are now pending, under the Hepburn Act; it simply makes effective and sound legal actions begun under the old law. Whether or not it will have a bearing on the appeal now pending by the Standard Oil Company against the enormous fine imposed upon it in the Chicago and Alton rebate case is not certain, although it has been supposed that the point made by the Great Northern Railway was one of several to be raised by the Standard Oil appeal.

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The Honey and the Flies

Vigilance is evidently to be a part of the price paid for the proper construction of the great Catskill aqueduct. One danger is hardly passed before another appears. The vindication of the Board of Water Supply, which has the construction in charge, has kept the enterprise on the high plane on which Mayor McClellan started it. Now there is a new peril. It has shown itself in the Legislature. At present it is remote. It is not too early, however, to give warning. Assemblyman Foley has introduced a bill which, if made law, would throw the whole undertaking into confusion and make it the spoils of selfish politicians. Its object is to amend the law under which the Board at present operates. There are two chief provisions. One grants to the Mayor of New York absolute and unqualified power of removing the members of the Board. At present the Mayor has ample power of removal; but it is to be exercised only upon stated charges of incompetency or misconduct. To subject the members of the Board to the

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risk of removal without a hearing would be to serve notice upon any self-respecting citizen who would be ambitious really to serve the city that he was not wanted on this Board. Mayor McClellan's pride in this aqueduct, begun under his administration, would prevent a misuse of this power, though it would not relieve him from the pressure that would be brought to bear upon him to misuse it; but no Mayor ought to be forced to withstand that pressure, and certainly the Board should not be put into the position which this bill would create. What is still more dangerous and more subtle in its menace is the other provision practically making it mandatory upon the Board to accept the lowest bid for any contract. It is true, the bill allows the Board to accept a higher bid if the Board of Estimate and Apportionment approves by a three-quarter vote; but that qualification is virtually negligible. A quarter of the Board of Estimate could override a whole corps of engineers, the highest engineering experts, the unanimous decision of the Water Board, and three-quarters of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. Of course this opens a fat field for greedy contractors in hand with unscrupulous politicians. To manipulate such matters has become almost a profession. The bill is so thoroughly vicious that it ought never to go out of committee. Against it, however, the citizens of New York would do well to be on their guard.

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Chicago's Sunday Closing Fight

The Outlook a few weeks ago told of the revival in Chicago of the movement for the closing of the saloons on Sunday after thirty-five years of non-enforcement. While Mayor Busse still refuses to use the police force to close the saloons, State's Attorney Healy is conducting prosecutions against saloon-keepers for violating the Sunday closing law. Thus far seven cases have been tried, but in every instance the jury has either failed to agree or has acquitted the defendant. There was no dispute as to the facts, and the trial judge in each case instructed the jury that the Sunday closing law was legally operative in Chicago; and that the claim that the statute was obsolete because of prior non-enforcement was not sound. The State's Attorney says he will continue to prosecute. Meantime the agitation is taking new forms. The anti-saloon element undertook to get upon the ballot to be voted at the coming April election the question of making Chicago a prohibition city. To get such a question on the ballot requires a petition signed by twenty-five per cent of the registered voters. The requisite number of names was not secured. The United Societies did, however, secure sufficient signatures to their petition to insure placing on the ballot the question as to whether saloons should be closed on Sunday. Consequently, an actual test of public sentiment will be had upon that question. The opponents of the saloons say that it is improper to vote upon the question as to whether a State law shall be enforced in Chicago. The other side contends that this is an unfair statement of the proposition; that the question is not, Shall the law be enforced? but is rather, Is the law wise? There can be little doubt, however, that the open Sunday champions expect a majority vote favorable to Sunday opening to have an effect upon the prosecutions even before any change shall be made in the statute. At a mass-meeting held Sunday, February 9, under the auspices of the United Societies, the State's Attorney was condemned for wasting taxpayers' money in useless prosecutions for the enforcement of an obsolete law. The controversy is arousing much bitterness of feeling upon both sides. The arguments for the disregard of the plain intent of the State law illustrate one of the most dangerous tendencies in America to-day: the tendency to regard law as something to be invoked or disregarded to suit the convenience of the individual. More important than the question whether liquor shall be drunk is the question whether law shall be obeyed.

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Japanese Students in America

The Mombusho, or Department of Education in the Japanese Government, is a far-reaching concern. Its powers in the realm of higher

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learning might well be imitated by the Departments of Education in other countries. In no direction is this power more apparent than in the Mombusho's maintenance of about a hundred Japanese students abroad. They receive nine hundred dollars a year for their ordinary expenses, in addition to which a hundred dollars is given to be expended on clothing; and the clothing is prescribed. Thus it is that one always sees a Japanese provided with a frock coat and tall hat. In addition to this, those who come to our colleges and universities in the East have a matter of four hundred dollars for traveling expenses; those who remain in the West have three hundred dollars. Of course there is a great difference among Japanese students, just as there is among other students, and those who show special qualifications gain special financial returns. For instance, if a particularly keen student wishes to investigate the Pennsylvania coal mines, he has a right to apply for an additional sum of money. Large numbers of Japanese students are at Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and at the New York University. Among these, however, are not many who have been sent out by the Mombusho. Most are self-supporting. In the New York University School of Commerce alone there are between twenty-five and thirty Japanese students, and they have shown themselves particularly fond of political economy, finance, and banking. Aside from the Japanese in the Law School there are several in the School of Pedagogy, among them two or three women students. One of these is of semi-royal family, and is pursuing a course in languages, literature, and philosophy, simply as a matter of general culture. Another is studying with the idea of employing her knowledge as a teacher at home. One of the men is the son of a Japanese millionaire. A large proportion of the students, however, come from the poorer classes, and frequently they earn their living during the day at some form of manual labor in order to take courses of study in the evening. Most of those at the New York University are employed by Japanese commercial houses in the metropolis. The total number of Japanese students in America outnumbers proportionately the student body of any other foreign element. Of these the Mombusho students have been sent primarily to develop a body of more competent professors in different branches of science for the Japanese universities and other schools. For the more practical purpose of studying commercial, financial, and other systems in the national life of other countries, the Government sends special experts. It has been said that the Far Eastern question was settled by the late war. That question was largely one of land supremacy. It remains to be seen, however, whether another Far Eastern question is not developing—that of commercial supremacy—and whether the Japanese Government's sagacity in sending special experts abroad will not redound immensely to the benefit of the Island Empire, by acquainting it with the commercial and financial systems in effect here, their excellences, their defects, and, above all, how to meet them triumphantly in the broad field of economics.

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Great Britain and the Congo

The Congo cannot much longer remain an insult to Christendom. Even the long-suffering British Parliament has at last spoken. Last week the House of Commons passed a resolution urging the Government to do all in its power to bring about a transfer of the Congo from the King of the Belgians to the Belgian Parliament, and, what is most significant, promising support to the Government in any measures (consequent upon the possible failure of this transfer) taken either alone or with other Powers to secure the enforcement of the General Act of Berlin (1885). It was by this treaty that the Powers created the Congo and intrusted it, for humanitarian purposes and on strict conditions, to the King of the Belgians. The Powers have seen the King false to his trust and defiant of their requirements. Now the enormous patience of Great Britain is about exhausted. Sir Edward Grey, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, expressed his sympathy with the resolution. It was made evident that the British Gov-

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ernment had received invaluable support from the American Government. Indeed, Lord Fitzmaurice, Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office, spoke with the utmost gratification of the co-operation between Great Britain and the United States, and said that the two Governments had been in communication with each other through their Ministers in Brussels. Speaking of a White Book on the Congo, to be published shortly by the British Government, he said:

> This book will include the first outward and visible sign of the co-operation between ourselves and the United States—a very interesting extract from the report of an American Consul which by permission we were allowed to incorporate.

The report is that of Consul-General Smith at Boma, who testifies to the burdens of the natives, which are so heavy that the women have practically ceased to bear children. The conditions in the Congo, as Lord Fitzmaurice said, have resulted in "as great a negation of international and treaty rights, as great a defiance of public law, and as great a sacrifice of the interests of humanity as anything the modern world ever has heard of." From an official of the British Government those words are tremendous. The present situation in the Congo cannot endure much longer.

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The Macedonian Cry Not Stifled

It is interesting to read the words last week, in the British House of Lords, of the Foreign Under-Secretary, Lord Fitzmaurice: "The Foreign Office feels it necessary to ask whether the time has not arrived to appoint a Christian governor of Macedonia." Arrived! It arrived a generation ago and more. Fortunately, England, the Power chiefly responsible, under Beaconsfield, for tearing up Russia's Treaty of 1877 with Turkey, and substituting that of Berlin the following year, has now changed from a position of half a century's unfriendliness to Russia. No longer, we hope, can the Sultan offset Russia's representations to Turkey as to disorders both on the Persian and Bulgarian borders by relying on English apathy. For four years and a half Russia and Austria have, with the Sultan's consent, directly intervened in Macedonia as the mandatories of the Powers. The intervention was both civil and military. A Russian and an Austrian civil agent were appointed to control the action of the Turkish authorities in Macedonia. They listened to the Christian complaints of oppression, outrage, and murder, and investigated them. They indicated to the Turkish Inspector-General the needed improvements. But the investigation had to take place in the presence of a Turkish official, and the inspector was often able later to frustrate the suggestions of the civil agents. Moreover, in addition to supposed restraint by these agents, a number of foreign officers were appointed to serve with the Turkish constabulary. But the condition of Macedonia to-day seems hardly better than before. No wonder that a British Liberal Ministry, like Gladstone's, though in general more marked by pacific tendencies than would be a Conservative Cabinet, declares through Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Secretary, that "the Turkish question has more than once led to a European war. We are rapidly nearing a point where the Concert of the Powers must either justify or stultify itself."

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Work and Education

"To wed academic culture to work" was the phrase with which Dr. James H. Dillard, the General Secretary of the newly established Jeanes Foundation, characterized the new movement in education. He was speaking at the annual Negro Conference at Tuskegee. The Conference itself, with the Workers' Conference which followed it, was a splendid embodiment of the truth of that phrase. The academic culture shown there may have been elementary, and the work a good deal like drudgery; that made it, however, all the more inspiring. There was there, for instance, a colored farmer from Montgomery County. He told the assemblage that since last year he had paid for eighty acres of land. Here was the work—hard work. But he went on to say that there was no school-house in his community, and that school had to be kept in a church, and he promised his

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auditors that before another year had passed he would do something to get a school building. Here was the valuation of academic culture. Farmer after farmer told of achievements—cantaloups he had raised, wool he had grown, neighbors who had been making homes. Like the Conferences of other years, this was an experience meeting. The very simplicity of the words and the homeliness of the evidences of thrift and progress made all the more impressive the seriousness of these people's convictions. That on the one side. On the other there was the record of advancement in education and social welfare. In one county the negro farmers had succeeded in erecting twenty-two school-houses at an average cost of seven hundred dollars. For the construction of these and for the extension of the school term the negroes had themselves raised eight thousand dollars. It is for the encouragement of such work as this that the Jeanes fund is to be used. Then there was the story of Mount Meigs—a school for wayward negro boys established by the Federation of Negro Women of Alabama. Without bolts or bars, in spirit it seems to be kin to the George Junior Republic, the Cleveland Farm Colony, and the Juvenile Court of Judge Lindsey.[1] There was the account of a reformatory in Georgia established and maintained by negroes. There were the tales of effort by negroes on behalf of temperance among negroes. There was the description of a Farmers' Improvement Society, in Texas, whose members own 70,000 acres of land, which has established an agricultural school, conducts an insurance society, and is about to found a bank. Not least moving was the account of the Black Belt Improvement Society. In this organization there are ten degrees. To be eligible for the first degree a man must have at least the desire to own something; for the second degree he must own three chickens and a pig; for the fourth an acre of land; for the fifth, twenty acres; for the sixth, forty; and so on through the tenth degree. In all these there is a standard of usefulness as a test of character which it might be well to apply to the most respectable of another race. Dr. Washington, the soul of the Conference, put it plainly when he said:

> We must not overlook the fact that we occupy mainly as laborers and agricultural workers nearly one-fourth of the physical territory of this country. We will not be permitted long to occupy such a large proportion of one of the richest countries in the world unless we demonstrate that we can get as much out of the territory, and, especially, out of the soil, as any other race. Men may draw racial and color lines, but soil and rain and sunshine yield their riches as readily to the toil of the black hand as to the white hand.

And he added, with that quiet humor of his which never stabs, but effectually disarms: "Some people argue that education hurts the negro. Certainly a little education will hurt him more than much education." Most gratifying, perhaps, of all that the Conference elicited was the testimony given of improvement during the past year in the relations between the races.

[1] See The Outlook for February 15, p. 351; January 18, p. 123; and February 29, p. 476.

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The Ethical-Social League

The launching of the Ethical-Social League into public notice last week, in conference at the Hotel Astor in New York, was an event of more than passing interest. It is new only as an extension of the now large and vigorous work which the People's Institute has been carrying forward for a dozen years, till now it has the good will of perhaps a million people in the crowded tenement districts of New York. The League aims to draw together and "unite the forces within and without church and synagogue in a fellowship of service for the ethical and social betterment of the community." These forces are strongly represented in the General Committee of one hundred and twenty-five prominent citizens, which backs the movement and directs it through an Executive Committee of fifteen, of whom Professor Knox, of Union Theological Seminary, is Chairman. The Seminary has taken large interest in the League, whose preliminary conferences were held there, and seven members of its Faculty serve on the General Committee. At the opening conference Bishop Greer

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presided and spoke, followed by Professor Charles Sprague Smith, Director of the People's Institute, President Finley, of the City College, Mr. John Spargo, who spoke for Socialists, Rabbi Schulman, of Temple Beth-El, Mr. A. J. Boulton, who spoke for labor unions, and Professor Knox. Each from his own point of view urged the union of all men of good will for social regeneration by fraternal devotion to the common good now set aside by self-seeking individualism. Between Mr. Spargo's ethical socialism and Bishop Greer's ethical individualism the difference in practical effect seemed tenuous; the same spiritual principle dominated each. Speaking for labor unions, Mr. Boulton said that individualism had never had a fair chance, and would not until the taxing power of the many was used to abolish the special privileges of the few. Emphasis on moral and religious principle as the arbiter of social and economic questions was prominent throughout these addresses. The League proposes at present to hold frequent conferences for the discussion of ethical-social problems, the exchange of experiences, and closer personal acquaintance between its component groups. The first of these conferences a month hence is to take up the problem of the unemployed. Though localized in New York, and chiefly concerned with the great city, it will aim to radiate an influence far beyond. While the League is not professedly a religious body, its aim is practically in line with that of the State Conference of Religion—"to draw together religious men of every creed in associated effort for the promotion of social righteousness."

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The First Tunnel under the Hudson

The last barrier which divided Manhattan Island from the surrounding land has been pierced; from Long Island, from the mainland of New York, and from New Jersey, the head borough of Greater New York may now be approached without crossing the water. About three years ago the subway pushed under the Harlem River into the Bronx; two months ago it was extended beneath the East River to Brooklyn; and last week the opening of the first tubes of the Hudson Tunnels made the connection between New York and New Jersey. The tubes which were opened for traffic last Wednesday lead from the Lackawanna station in Hoboken to the New York shore at Christopher Street, thence to the junction of Sixth Avenue and Ninth Street in Manhattan, and up Sixth Avenue to Nineteenth Street. The northern terminal will ultimately be at Thirty-second Street, where a great Terminal Building will be constructed. On the New Jersey side extensions will also be made to the Erie and Pennsylvania stations; and two other tubes are building from the Pennsylvania station to Cortlandt Street, where a terminal and office building of unusual size has already been constructed. The route will finally be continued from Hoboken to Newark, affording real rapid transit between that city and New York. The completion of the first of the Hudson Tunnels has a certain romantic interest. It constitutes the only connection for passenger traffic (the Poughkeepsie bridge, while part of an important route for freight, is used by so few passengers as to be a negligible quantity) between the shores of the Hudson River south of Albany. But, more romantically, it marks the fulfillment of a project first undertaken in 1879, and twice abandoned, once for lack of a proper method of construction, once because of a lack of financial support. It was when the undertaking was assumed a second time that the Greathead shield, the appliance which has made possible the construction of the dozen tunnels now building under the waters surrounding Manhattan Island, was invented. The first shield built on the plans of the great English engineer was used in the work on the Hudson Tunnels; and now shields of exactly the same construction are in use all over the world where sub-aqueous tunneling is in progress. In an article published in The Outlook a year ago the shield was described as follows:

> In appearance the shield resembles a great drum built of heavy steel plates. In the drumhead, called the diaphragm, there are doors for the passage of workmen and the withdrawal of mud and rock and silt. The upper drum rim is a cutting edge, which,

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when the shield is driven forward by hydraulic jacks, goes through the material in front like a biscuit-cutter, and holds up the river bed above while the biscuit of mud and silt is removed. The barrel of the drum, extending backward over the completed portion of the tunnel tube, forms the true shield for the men who set up the tunnel proper, ring by ring, within its protecting circumference. The bottom of the drum is at the same time the head of the completed tunnel tube, and is supplied with air-locks, through which the workmen enter into the construction chamber within the shield. Immediately back of the drumhead there is a huge revolving crane called an "erector," also Greathead's invention, equipped with a muzzle like the jaws of an ant, which picks up the heavy sections of the tunnel rings, and, lifting them, holds them in place while the workmen bolt them together.

So the Hudson Tunnels are a triumph of mechanical ingenuity and skill, as the work of an appliance without which their building would have been impossible. But even more are they a triumph of imagination and industrial statesmanship; and this triumph belongs to one man, William G. McAdoo, who took a project which had twice failed, and by the force of his organizing ability and the strength of his personality carried it to completion.

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A Firemen's Memorial

Last week The Outlook reported the death of Deputy Chief Kruger, of the New York Fire Department, and the movement for the erection of a memorial to his memory and that of other firemen who have lost their lives in the performance of their duty. A Committee of prominent citizens has now been formed for the promotion of this purpose; Bishop Henry C. Potter is the Chairman, and other members include the Fire Commissioner, the President of the Board of Education, the President of the New York Board of Fire Underwriters, Isidor Straus, Andrew Carnegie, and Henry W. Taft. The Committee has undertaken systematic work for the collection of subscriptions in the five boroughs of the city, and appeals to all citizens to assume a share, however small, in this testimonial of appreciation for the brave service which the firemen give to the city. The plans, which are yet only tentative, contemplate a monument or statue, and a permanent fund to supplement the pension fund of the Fire Department for the care of the widows of firemen and for the education of their children. Contributions may be sent to General Thomas L. James, Treasurer of the Committee, Lincoln National Bank, 32 East Forty-second Street, New York.

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The Church and the Moral Revival

Many people are so confused by the flotsam and jetsam on the surface of the great political and economic movement which now absorbs the interest of the country that they fail to discern its fundamental and intensely ethical spirit. When the incidents and accidents, the foam and froth, the invective of the demagogue and the anathemas of those who are defending what they believe to be their private interests, are put out of the way, it grows more clear every month that we are in the heart of a great moral movement as significant as any that has taken place in the history of the country. This movement has not come in a day. It is not a mere revolt against the oppressive economic conditions, nor is it simply an insurrection against political bosses and robbery. It is a quickening of the conscience of the people, and an attempt, sometimes instinctive, often blind, but with a great wisdom at the bottom of it, to bring the business and social life of the country into harmony with moral ideals. The churches have had much to do with this movement, but not nearly as much as they ought to have had. They have not led it. At the first glance it appears to have grown up very largely outside their walls. Many of its most ardent leaders, who are filled with ethical enthusiasm, are, if not unfriendly, at least indifferent to organized religion. The churches are now in the position of seeing a great moral tide rising around them which they cannot claim to have set in motion, and of which they certainly have not the definite leadership.

The majority of people in the different churches do not comprehend the magnitude of the work which the Young Men's

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Christian Association is doing, nor the strides which it has made in numbers, resources, and efficiency during the past decade. In no sense antagonistic to the churches, but definitely complementing and contributing to them, this powerful association of young men has, nevertheless, grown largely by the force of its own impulse and enthusiasm, and has become the most fruitful and powerful adjunct of the churches without any organized or enthusiastic co-operation from the churches. It ranks in importance and devotion with the religious orders of the earlier times, and is their legitimate successor under twentieth-century conditions. It has stirred the colleges and universities as no other influence has ever stirred them; it has organized students for religious work as they have never been organized before, and it has created the most inclusive and powerful intercollegiate organization that has ever been effected. Its great meetings have represented the whole civilized world, and, more definitely than the Hague Conference, it has stood for those things which are common to all men because they are men. Its work in the army and navy, among railway employees, in factory towns, in the new territories of the United States, entitles it to be regarded as one of the foremost religious influences in modern life. It has the precious gift of enthusiasm; and that enthusiasm flows largely through the channels of moral action. It has stirred the consciences of young men as it has appealed to their idealism; and it must be counted one of the foremost moral movements of the age.

Hardly less significant, though circumscribed in extent, must be counted the ethical and altruistic associations of all kinds in all parts of the country, and especially in the great cities. University, college, and social settlements have become centers for the expression of human sympathy and helpfulness; and, like the monasteries and convents of the earlier ages, have gathered under their roofs some of the most ardent and devoted men and women, eager to serve the Lord by serving their fellows. About these stations of social service and altruistic activity have gathered clubs and organizations of many kinds, all looking to the physical, mental, and moral betterment of the great populations in the heart of which they have been planted; and whatever have been their mistakes, or the limitations of their activity, he must be blind indeed who does not see in this long line of meeting-places between the fortunate and the unfortunate, the educated and the uneducated, the expression of a deep and powerful moral enthusiasm.

Out of the same enthusiasm for humanity, which is the direct result of the awakening of the conscience and the sense of social responsibility, have come such institutions as Hampton and Tuskegee Institutes, Berea College, the George Junior Republic, Judge Lindsey's pioneer work in the saving of boys and young men in Denver, the deeply interesting experiment in human reclamation undertaken by the city of Cleveland and described in The Outlook not long ago, the work of the Fresh Air and of the Working-Girls' Vacation Societies. These institutions, organizations, and experiments register the volume, and they are beginning to register the velocity, of the moral revival which is a determination to save society by saving individual men, and of incorporating into institutional life the higher ideals of moral being.

Nor can any one study the agitation against the lawlessness of capital, whether private or semi-public, without recognizing that it is the result of a sense of justice and a revolt against what the great majority of people believe to be wrong-doing on a colossal scale. A great deal has been said about the attack on property. There has been no attack on property. Americans, being practical and having, in the largest number, the largest stake in the existing order, are not destructive. There has been no attack on money as money, nor on great combinations of capital as combinations. What has been attacked has been the illegal, lawless, and tyrannical use of money. The people of the country do not object to rates because they are high; they object to them because they are unequal. It is not a movement in the direction of economy; it is a movement

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in the direction of equal service for all men. It is a movement against special privilege and unjust and unequal discrimination between individuals and organizations. It is a misfortune that this great tide of feeling and conviction which now absorbs every other interest in the country should not have had its rise inside the churches, and that a great moral revival should touch men first as citizens and secondly as members of religious organizations.

Nor can intelligent men overlook the significance of the fact that the men in whom the country is primarily interested to-day, and who have its attention, are, without exception, ethical teachers and preachers. Putting aside entirely their political associations and the views of current questions which they advocate, it is evident that President Roosevelt, Governor Hughes, Mr. Taft, and Mr. Bryan make their appeal to the moral sense of the people. Whatever may be said in criticism of the utterances which the President sometimes makes as regards form, he never speaks without sounding the note of moral enthusiasm. Governor Hughes is primarily not a lawyer nor a public man dealing with public questions, but a moral leader. A critic has said of Mr. Bryan that he mistook his vocation; that he ought to have been a preacher. If Mr. Taft uses the preaching form less distinctly than the others, he is not a whit behind them in the urgency of his moral appeal, or in the clearness and definiteness with which he puts the moral side of things. The criticism made in other countries of his policy in the Philippines is that it is too altruistic. The significance of this constant appeal to moral sentiment on the part of the men who are in the forefront of public discussion means that the country is primarily interested in current questions, not from the economic, industrial, social, or political sides, but from the moral side; and that, to be heard with attention by all the people, one must approach these questions from the moral point of view.

To fail to read the signs of the times is to miss the significance of one's age and the movement of the deeper current of human affairs. It is a matter for profound rejoicing that the conscience of the American people is awake, and that it will not sleep until the moral organization of the country has been advanced another and definite stage. This is not a destructive but a constructive process. That the movement has gone so far and that the tide has risen so high ought to arouse the attention of all religious men. Much of this impulse unquestionably came out of the Church. Too little of it can be traced definitely to the Church, and the Church, as a whole, stands too definitely detached from it. It is high time that those who believe in the teachings of Christ should put the Church in the foreground of this moral revival.

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The Polish Question

On another page will be found a presentation of the two sides of a political and racial controversy that is shaking the Polish and the German peoples.

For over a hundred years the Poles, in customs, manners, speech, and religion a unified people, have been politically divided into three parts, one part under the domination of Russia, one part under the domination of Germany, and one part under the domination of Austria. There has been constant social and political conflict between the Poles in Russia and their Governors, and between the Poles in Germany and their Governors; while in Austria the Poles and the Government have learned to live in practical harmony. The Polish-German conflict is not difficult to explain. Having political authority over the Poles living within her borders, Germany wishes to assimilate them, and the Poles refuse to be assimilated. They passionately hope for a reunion of the three divisions of their race in Russia, Austria, and Germany, and the re-establishment of the Kingdom of Poland. In pursuance of this hope they exasperate the Germans by very reason of their fiery and often visionary temperament, and their lack of moderation. The Polish novelist, Henryk Sienkiewicz, says somewhere: "The German students drink . . . nor does it prevent them from becoming sober,

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practical men. But let a Slav [and the Poles are Slavs] acquire the habit and he will drink himself into an early grave."

But no faults of Polish racial, social, or political character can excuse political injustice towards a people who have notably stood for liberty, who have been the bulwark of Christianity in eastern Europe, the shelter of the Jews, the rescuer of Austria from the enslavement of the Turk, and last, not least, an aid in our own Revolution. Sobieski, Kosciusko, Pulaski, stand high in the list of heroes. To appreciate what Poland has done in other domains, those of literature, science, and art, one has but to mention the names of Martin Gallus, the chronicler; of Copernicus, the mighty astronomer; of Mickiewicz, Poland's greatest poet; of Lelewel, the historian; of Matejko, the painter; of Chopin, Moszkowski, Paderewski, Sembrich, and the de Reszkes in the world of music, and Modjeska in that of the drama; finally, of Sienkiewicz, one of the most eminent of living novelists, whose defense of his country may be found on another page. This is not his first appeal. He has before this appealed not so much to foreigners as to his brother Poles. He has begged them to permit no phase of the agitation against them to drive them into extreme words or acts. If the Poles no longer speak as loudly as they once did, their silence may be quite as ominous of discontent as it was in the days of "Thaddeus of Warsaw."

Despite all changes, the Poles remain, whether in Russia, Prussia, or Austria, a distinct, individual, and unconquered people. Their common aim is some day to re-establish the old kingdom, but on a more democratic basis. They covet their old territory from the Baltic to the Black Sea, a long buffer state between Russia and the rest of Europe. Their patriotic societies in Russia and Prussia, at least, masquerade under all sorts of insignia and cause anxiety to the authorities.

Why not equally in Austria? Because she has understood how to assimilate them. One might think that Russia would understand better, because Russians and Poles are closely allied Slavs in temperament, language, and customs. Political assimilation, however, has not been accomplished either by Russia or Prussia. Austria has in great measure succeeded in Galicia, because she has permitted the Poles there to use their own language from the cradle to the grave. Instead of imposing a foreign tongue in the public schools, the wise Austrian rulers recognized the safety-valve in permitting an emotional people to "let off steam" in their own tongue. Accordingly, a Pole may live under Francis Joseph's benign rule and never hear anything but Polish.

In his temperate article on another page, defending the Prussian Government's action, Mr. Emil Klaessig frankly admits that the Prussian Poles were envious when they looked across the boundary into Galicia and saw what the Austrian Poles enjoyed. How different the harsh policy in Prussia which forbade children to speak Polish within the precincts of the Government schools or to appear with scarfs or neckties of Poland's national colors, a policy which would arbitrarily change Polish names of places to German and require that all speeches made within the German Empire should be spoken in the German tongue.

Of course in this Polish question Prussia is primarily concerned, not Germany, of which Prussia is by far the largest of the federated states. With their characteristic grasp of history, however, Germans, as a whole, do not forget that before the Polish Kingdom was founded the Polish prince was a feudatory of the German Empire, that German power itself was strengthened by the Germans even then living in Polish communities, and that the Teutonic Knights early obtained release from the homage they owed for part of their dominions to the Polish Crown, and became Poland's enemies. When Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, acquired part of Poland at the partition, he bought lands and settled Prussians thereon. The present Prussian Government has long continued this policy, latterly at an enormous expenditure.

But Poland refuses to be colonized. The Government deems a sterner measure necessary. Color is given because

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of alleged increasing Polish disloyalty and traitorousness, the fact that Poland's border is inconveniently close to Berlin, and, what is of more importance, the claim of Prince von Bülow, the Imperial Chancellor, that a discontinuance of colonization would run counter to the wishes of the great mass of the German people. Hence a measure recently introduced into the Prussian Diet provides for a credit of nearly $90,000,000 to acquire over 170,000 acres of Polish estates by condemnation proceedings under the law of eminent domain, and the settling of Germans thereon. It would thus compel forcible expulsion of the Poles, mitigated in no way by money payments. In introducing this measure the Chancellor explained that the artificially high prices of land in Poland had now prevented the Government from buying property in the open market in continuance of its colonization policy, and hence it should have the right to dispossess the Poles by legal means. How would our newly settled Scandinavians of the Northwest regard it if the Government of Minnesota suddenly decided to Americanize the State by forcible expropriation?

In our opinion, the bill is bad both politically and morally. Germany must indeed be threatened when the Government introduces such a measure. Granted a natural irritation if the discontented Poles are seen to be increasing proportionally faster in numbers than are the contented Germans, and a possible Slavonization peril looms large on the horizon. Will the discontent be but aggravated by the use of brute force in "the State's higher interests"? Surely such wide-awake statesmen as the Kaiser and his Chancellor must recognize that the long day of aristocracy and autocracy is drawing to its close, to be succeeded by one of democracy and liberty.

In Canada, Latins and Anglo-Saxons, representing different races, languages, religions, and customs, live amicably side by side. Germany aspires to be a colonial power. So far, German colonization *at home* and abroad has not been a marked success. We suggest Canadian liberty as worthy of imitation by Germany.

By-Products in Life

One of the prime sources of modern wealth is the saving of by-products. In the days before science came to the aid of business everything was sacrificed to turn out one major product, and nobody realized the enormous waste of materials that went on in almost every factory. To-day, as the result of larger knowledge and of more skillfully devised machinery, a thousand things which once went to the refuse heap are turned to account and made almost as profitable as the chief product of the factory. In many cases by-products have become so valuable that they have been transformed into major products, and the scrap-heap has been converted into salable property. A good many people are still going on in the old way and conducting the business of life as if only one or two results could be secured. They set out to be strong, and therefore they live as if the process of getting strength excluded the gaining of all the other virtues; in this way they throw away the by-products and miss great chances of wealth. In getting strength it is easy to get sweetness as well. The same process which makes men and women strong will also make them sweet if they will bring intelligence to bear on what they are doing.

Many people have a highly commendable purpose to become truth-tellers; but because they discard the by-products of tact and sympathy they lose the kind of prosperity which makes a man a great capitalist for his friends in time of need. The world is full of people who work so hard to do their duty that they do nothing else and make the friends of good causes as unhappy as their enemies. The by-products of duty-doing are good sense, feeling for others, and the flexibility which arms high purpose and great integrity with a contagious kindness of temper. In morals the by-products are as productive of ease and comfort as in business.

Many men and women are persuaded that "Order is Nature's first law," and strive to obey that law by putting everything with which they are concerned into its place and keeping it there. This is the secret of effectiveness on a large

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scale; it is also one of the secrets of comfortable living. Only the orderly man or woman can handle great affairs with ease and despatch, or be thoroughly comfortable in a life of busy and many-sided activities. Unfortunately, in becoming orderly some people make themselves the rigid incarnation of a single principle, the living embodiment of a single method, and are transformed into slaves instead of servants. Few people are more terrible to their associates than those who have imbibed the passion for order; who cannot see anything out of place without internal misery and external action; in whose hands the spirit of a home is sacrificed for the sake of an immaculately clean and orderly house; who become so absorbed in pursuing method that the spirit of any enterprise with which they are connected is often throttled. Order, like every other method, ought to be generously and comfortably enforced; and one of the by-products in making one's self orderly is a certain adaptability to conditions. Order was made for man, not man for order; and those who are well trained in keeping things in their place will have the good sense and graciousness to allow things to be out of their place when conditions make that state of affairs either excusable or necessary. Like everything else, order must sometimes yield to more immediate necessities.

There is a still larger host of people who are bent on being useful, no matter what it costs themselves or their friends. Now usefulness is the characteristic of all people who achieve anything, either in themselves or in society. In an order of life which necessitates co-operation, activity, and thoughtfulness,—the qualities which make one useful—to be an idler is to fail in one's primary duty. But one ought to be useful agreeably and with a certain charity towards others. The fact that one drives one's self with the spur of conscience does not empower one to drive everybody else. Many excellent people go through life like Alberich cracking a long lash over the heads of the unfortunate Nibelungen. There are many homes in which the demon of usefulness drives out the spirit of joyful consecration to work and duty, and goodness is so violent that it becomes a kind of disorder, and virtue so aggressive that it takes on the aspect of a destroying angel. In order to be useful it is not necessary to become a slave-driver. The by-products of the struggle to be useful are patience, the spirit of co-operation, the habit of recognizing good work, the desire to stimulate and persuade rather than to goad and irritate. Blessed are the good with whom it is pleasant to live!

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The Spectator

The Spectator, while visiting in California, overheard, recently, two men discussing the reasons for the dismissal from his position of an acquaintance of theirs: "He couldn't handle men, that was all there was to it. Couldn't get anything out of them." "Treated them as though they had as much individuality as paving-blocks?" suggested the other, adding, in reply to the nod of assent he received, "That may be very good in office routine, where the work is cut and dried; but otherwise it won't do, especially—" The men boarded a car and left the Spectator, as he waited for his, to ponder over the many positions of life in which such treatment brings inferior results, or none at all of the right kind. The more he thought of it, the larger loomed the idea in his mind that here was one potent cause of the uneasiness in some of the households he knew well—an unrest whose especial manifestation was the frequent arrival and departure of referenced individuals from the intelligence office, and an ever-relaxing tension on the part of the mistress of the house.

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His return to his friend's home was just in time for the Spectator to share with his hostess the last few minutes of a neighbor's call. "I have sent Taka away," she declared. "I simply couldn't tolerate him any longer. I didn't understand a quarter of what he said, and I never knew what he was going to do next. Why, he actually ordered the whole of last Sunday's dinner himself. Thought I'd forgotten it—which, to tell the truth,

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I had. But, then, to think of taking it upon himself to give orders to the grocer and marketman! It was too much. From my experience I must say that I dislike these Orientals excessively," ended this Eastern woman, with much emphasis. By way of pursuing his recent idea, and, if so be, of making good its capture, the Spectator inquired, mildly, "Did you ever think of not disliking Taka as an Oriental, but rather of liking him as an individual?"

"Oh, no," answered the guest, in a tone of unswerving conviction; "they are all quite alike, these Japanese and Chinese. Really, I could barely recognize my own cook when I met him on the street."

The Spectator smiled—"All alike?" Before his eyes came the vision of white-clad "Misa," the Japanese who has kept the household of the Spectator's friend running smoothly and happily for the past eighteen years, with the single exception of one enforced absence of six months. Misa the Spectator regards as one of the most individual men he has ever known.

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Misa is a brown-skinned little man of uncertain age, whose movements are so quick as to be almost birdlike, and the breath of whose life is order—not the simple putting of things to rights, which may be a mere mechanical possession of one's will-power, but the artist's craving for a harmony that shall pervade all his surroundings. It governs his selection of the day's menu, and appears in his ever new and beautiful arrangements of flowers, vines, leaves—anything green and living is sufficient for an artist hand like his. His employer styles him "the inestimable, ubiquitous Misa," and into his capable hands has been given the entire charge of the house and grounds. The plan works admirably: Misa had signally failed to get along with any permanently installed helper. He was irritated by slowness, clumsiness, and the lack of artistic perceptions, but now whatever he cannot personally accomplish is done beneath his watchful eye by workers of his own choosing. His mistress may find an unknown man digging among her rose-trees, or a new Japanese face in the kitchen, but she knows she can be sure that out of it all will come harmony within, and down to the very gateway without. She smiles as she hears his voice giving household orders over the telephone, in a queer pidgin-English, hard to understand, but woe to the unfortunate tradesman who does not listen deferentially! Should she care to make suggestions, they will be most respectfully carried out, but she will in nowise interfere—who would if his house were honored by the presence of a universal genius to whom it was only necessary to say, "A dinner, Misa, Wednesday, seven o'clock, ten people," and could then give the occasion no further thought? It is in connection with his own work that his peculiar system of ethics is revealed, for he insists upon fixing his wages. He stands before his employer at the first of the month. "Well, how much this time?" is asked. "Ver' much comp'ny, I t'ink forty," or, "Not done much dis mont'—t'irty," will be the answer. He takes the shining gold in payment, says "T'ank you," but, alas! will probably be no richer the next morning, although the gambling-house will. It is his one failing. On the other hand, there is a strong possibility that it will be spent in part for presents for the family—gifts which fill the needs his quick eyes perceive, and which, of course, are always returned in value, if not in kind. Lately he has been busy replacing the cut-glass which was lost during the great earthquake—the lack of it on the table distressing him. Viewed thus, it is not startling to have him name modestly among his Christmas wants, "A gold watch." He received it with a delight almost equaled by that of his mistress in his gift to her, some fine Egyptian embroideries—the two gifts were of almost equal value.

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The earthquake tested his ingenuity somewhat, but although his employer's house was utterly wrecked at a quarter past five in the morning, and Misa barely crawled out alive, a delicious breakfast was ready at eight o'clock, as usual, having been cooked over a stove impro-

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vised out of the fallen chimney-bricks, and served upon boards pulled out of the débris. No condition to him is hopeless. The Spectator remembers one occasion well, on a rainy Sunday morning, when he stood in a window looking upon the back garden of his friend, and espied Misa holding an umbrella jauntily above his head, hopping from one dry spot to another, pulling up fresh spring weeds. He tasted them critically, then either discarded them or added them to the store in the pail he was carrying. The Spectator descended to inquire of his old acquaintance, Misa, the meaning of what he had seen. There was to be unexpected company to dinner, and Misa was eking out the spinach! "Don' know—don' hurt!" he grinned. One has to be quick-witted to match with him in repartee, and never in their long intercourse with him have his employers got from Misa any acknowledgment of error. "Ver' good boy, ver' smart boy," he styles himself, with the most naïve conceit. Once when, after a broad denial on his part of ever having broken or nicked any china, his mistress pointed with accusing finger to a great gouge in a treasured piece of hers, he was ready. Proudly he drew himself up to his full diminutive height, leaned forward, and whispered confidentially and with perfect conviction, "*Mousie* bit him, Mis' Smif."

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The Spectator has frequently thought that the realization of one's true value in the lives of others would often upset one's equilibrium—being either too depressing or unduly exhilarating. It affected Misa in the latter way. He became for a time well-nigh unendurable: "I got good dinner, go get comp'ny," he would order. And presently he followed this by the much less agreeable dictum: "No more comp'ny, too much—no can have." Finally matters came to a head. "No have dis!" he remarked, conclusively, of some proposed change. "Misa," said his indignant mistress severely, "whose house is this, anyway?" "Mine, while I lif in it," he insisted with grand air and imprudent neglect of the signs of wrath. "No, it is not—and now you shall go!" And so came about Misa's absence of six months. In vain he pleaded and begged. "Pore lit'l' Jap-'nese boy, turned out, no home." Their hearts were steeled, for they knew of a score of positions ready for him. Sadly he left, after trying to bribe the new incumbent, a mere woman, by an offer of five dollars to give up the place. But although she might occupy it, he would keep his eye upon her. Every morning he appeared, inspected the garden, and nearly drove the new cook wild by his comments upon her pantry. He would eye her with doleful commiseration. "You look sick—better go now," he would remark, persuasively. The five-dollar offer was always open. And Misa could not trust her whenever there was entertaining in the house; then he would appear and supervise, and see that all went off well, to the honor of his house. What became of the family, meantime, which he was supposed to be serving, his mistress did not dare to inquire. And at last, when the usurper left, not through bribes or threats, but by the way of matrimony, he crept back, a chastened spirit. And straightway he set about planting and staking two hundred bulbs in the garden.

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He will talk upon Russia, which he has visited, upon Japanese progress and history, upon the despatches in his Japanese newspaper, and when very friendly may-hap will tell you of his day-dream, the chop-house in Yokohama he means to open some day, where the officers from all the navies of the world shall patronize him. But then he smiles indolently: he will never go back, and he knows it. His life for many years has been passed in the new country, and he loves it. "'Merica," he says, caressingly, "ver' goot—you t'ink so too?"

❀

And now the Spectator wonders, given "the inestimable, ubiquitous Misa," this master spirit in gardening and home-making, and place him in the house of some one—say in that of the neighbor from the East—some one who will consider him, not as an individual, but as a bit of Oriental mechanism, how long would he remain? And could either possibly be happy?

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SOCIALISM

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

THE Socialistic movement—though not modern State Socialism—can be traced back to about 1000 B.C. The Hebrew Commonwealth was both politically and industrially a democratic state. In it labor was honored, the standing army forbidden, the exploitation of the poor by the rich prohibited, private ownership of land disallowed, a weekly holiday for the laborer commanded, aristocracy, whether landed, ecclesiastical, or hereditary, guarded against, and some provision made for universal education. How far these ideals were ever realized is a doubtful question; certainly they were never fully realized. But the prophets of Israel foretold a time when this realization would be accomplished—when war should cease, the implements of war should be converted into the implements of agriculture, law should rest on religion, not on armed force, and property should be so equally divided that every man should sit under his own vine and fig-tree unmolested.

Jesus Christ began his ministry by pointing back to these prophets and declaring that he had come to fulfill them. He ended his ministry by reaffirming this declaration in a judicial proceeding under the sanction of an oath and with the certainty that it would cost him his life. But he did not share the popular impression of his time that the realization would be conferred upon Israel by a supernatural intervention and without cost to themselves. On the contrary, he told them that it would not immediately appear; that it would not come suddenly; that it was dependent upon the development of individual character and could come no faster than individual character was developed; that it would grow up gradually like a seed, in spite of other and evil growths, by much agitation, and at great cost to those who were striving for it. How the Christian disciples at first believed, in spite of Christ's warnings, that the kingdom of God would be brought to the earth in their lifetime by the return of Christ accompanied by an angel host, how they soon abandoned this idea without fully framing any other, how then they confounded the Church with the Kingdom, how gradually they gave up all hope of a Kingdom of God on the earth or substituted a vision of a kingdom in heaven for which earth was only a disciplinary preparation, how all the time God was gradually developing a kingdom on the earth—a brotherhood of men founded upon faith in the unity and fatherhood of God—how in these later times the Church is slowly, very slowly, coming to realize that Jesus Christ came to establish a new social order on the earth, not to save a few or many from the pains of a future hell for the bliss of a future heaven—there is no space here to narrate. It is enough to say that the modern movement toward a more fraternal spirit in government and in industry, and more fraternal organization both political and industrial, is derived historically from the teaching of Jesus Christ and the pre-Christian teachings of the Hebrew prophets.[1]

What is Socialism?

Speaking broadly, the Socialist is one who believes that the present social system is wrong and needs to be radically changed. He is not content merely with teaching the wage-earner and his employer to treat each other with justice and consideration; he believes that the wages system is wrong and must give place to a better system, as slavery gave place to feudalism and feudalism to the wages system. Under the present system one small body of men own the tools and implements of industry and pay wages to another large body of men who use those tools and implements in productive industry. The Socialist avers that this system has not been in existence much more than a century, and he

[1] An excellent guide to the study of the social teachings of Jesus is afforded by a text-book for students, "The Political and Social Significance of the Teaching of Jesus," by Jeremiah W. Jenks, LL.D., Professor of Political Economy and Politics, Cornell University. Young Men's Christian Association Press. 75 cts.

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does not believe that it will last for a century to come. But when the question is asked, What system will be put in its place? Socialists divide into different groups. The Christian Socialist often replies frankly that he does not know. He believes that the present system is not workable in harmony with the spirit of Christ's teachings, and he desires to lead forward toward a new reform in harmony with those teachings rather by a change of spirit than by any definite change of form. He lays stress on the teaching of Jesus Christ, "All ye are brethren," and he believes that, by the development of the spirit of brotherhood and its application in government and in industry, both government and industry will be gradually transformed into organizations that are in harmony with that spirit. But the Socialist may think that he can forecast what that new social order will be. Those who do so forecast may be roughly classified in two groups, the Democratic Socialist and the Radical Socialist.

Mr. Thomas Kirkup represents the former of these two views.[1] He epitomizes it in a sentence thus: "Against the evils arising from the practical and virtual monopoly of land and capital by the few, Socialism will protect itself by a system of joint ownership of the means of production; and against the evils of unlimited competition by the principle of associated labor systematically working for the general good." This is not inconsistent with rights of personal property. "While land and capital (*i. e.*, wealth employed in producing more wealth) would be under co-operative or collective management, there would be private property in wealth devoted to consumption and enjoyment, in food, clothing, and houses. It is also quite consistent with the theory of Socialism that there should be private ownership of land and capital, provided it be under collective and equitable control." In brief, Democratic Socialism proposes to substitute for individualistic industry and unlimited competition, associated industry co-operating for mutual benefit. First steps towards the realization of this ideal are now being taken by men who would resent indignantly the title of Socialists. "Education, post-office, telegraphs, highway, and water have all passed or are passing from private to public control; and in some countries railways." Corporations are in this sense essentially Socialistic contrivances, by which a great many persons combine in the ownership and control of enterprises too great for any one man's ownership or administration. By the corporation, capital is concentrated for the purpose of administration but divided as to profits. A next and not unnatural step will be taken when the laborers under the corporation become themselves the stockholders in the corporation, and thus John Stuart Mill's prophecy comes to its realization: "The form of association, however, which if mankind continue to improve must be expected in the end to predominate, is not that which can exist between the capitalist as chief and workpeople without a voice in the management, but the association of the laborers themselves on terms of equality, collectively owning the capital with which they carry on their operations and working under management elected and removable by themselves."

This is quite different from the radical or State Socialism of which Mr. Campbell announces himself an advocate,[1] and which he defends in a sentence, as follows: "What is wanted is, as I have already said, that the nation should be one great producing firm, with every citizen a shareholder." Mr. Campbell's volume illustrates that curious incoherence of thought which seems to me to be a general characteristic of the Radical Socialists. He contends that the objects of nature, such as sunlight, air, water, and land, are not properly subjects of private ownership. With this contention I agree; at

[1] An Inquiry into Socialism. By Thomas Kirkup. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.40, net. (This volume, first published in 1887, still remains probably the best book in the English language to give to the reader in brief compass a sympathetic description of the nature of the present industrial system and the view of the more conservative and in our judgment the more sane Socialists as to the method of industrial reform.)

[1] Christianity and the Social Order. By R. J. Campbell, M.A., Minister of the City Temple, London. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50, net. (Mr. Campbell appears to me wholly to misunderstand and misinterpret the teachings of Jesus Christ by overemphasizing some passages of doubtful interpretation, misreading others, and omitting still others altogether.)

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least they are properly subjects of private ownership only as society makes them so by artificial arrangements, and experience proves that such artificial arrangements as have grown up in the past, by which a few strong men have become possessed of all the land and the many have been left landless, are, to state the case mildly, inexpedient. But from this premise Mr. Campbell jumps, with the agility of a mountain goat, to the conclusion that no tools are properly subjects of private ownership, because all tools are made from natural objects. His language is as follows:

> A sewing-machine is composed of iron which has been dug out of the ground and wood which has been brought out of the forest, the only difference between the natural resources (iron and wood) in their former as compared with their present state being that labor has modified and combined them in such a way as to make them a labor-saving device which will increase the output of wealth. . . . If it be right and just to socialize the natural means of production, it is right and just to socialize the artificial means, too. If it be right and just to socialize that by which the community lives, it is right to socialize the use which labor makes of it.

One excellent method of testing a general principle is its application to a concrete case. Imagine a shipwrecked crew landed on an uninhabited island. If three or four of the strongest of the party take possession of the land and running streams, and forbid the rest to cultivate the land or fish in the streams without their landlord's permission, the injustice is evident. But if John pays the islanders in labor rendered to the community for a tree, and then cuts it down, and with his own hands fashions it into a canoe, is his right to the canoe to be denied him because it is made out of a tree? And if he allows Peter to take the canoe for a fishing trip on condition that at the end of every day one-quarter of the catch is to be given to him as rent for the canoe, is he to be denounced as a robber? The objection to State Socialism is not that it is an impracticable ideal; it is essentially unjust. Man has an absolute right to the product of his own labor, because it is really a right to himself. Slavery was unjust because it denied this right and took the product of the workingman's labor for the slave-owner. Capitalism is unjust in so far as it takes too great a proportion of this product for the tool-owner. State Socialism is unjust because it takes the whole of the product for the community. It is a form of slavery with the community for the master. The difference between State Socialism and what we have called Democratic Socialism is exactly this: Democratic Socialism is voluntary co-operation in industry, and is to be encouraged; State Socialism is compulsory co-operation in industry, and compulsory co-operation is unjust whether the compulsion be enforced by despotic capital compelling the labor by threat of starvation, or by a labor union forbidding free labor under the same penalty, or by the State owning all the implements of industry and controlling all its activities.

This is not the only objection to State Socialism, but it is the fundamental objection. He who wishes to learn of other objections and of answers to the sometimes specious arguments by which State Socialism is commended will find what he wants in Mr. Mallock's volume.[1] Mr. Mallock is not a judge; he is not even an advocate for the present industrial system; he is simply a critic of the proposed Socialistic system. He is both clear and clever; but he is not always conclusive. No thoughtful mind can doubt the distinction between what he calls directive ability and manual labor; but no intelligent Socialist would agree that Socialism proposes to ignore the necessity for directive ability or to refuse to it legitimate rewards. Formerly a carpenter built a house; he planned it, directed all the operations, and performed most of them with his own hands. He was architect, contractor, and builder all in one. And he was paid both for the labor of his hands and of his brain. To-day the various parts of the house are made in a planing-mill, and one brain must direct the various operations of the hands in order to make them co-operate in producing a predestined result. No doubt this brain must be paid as well as those hands. But it is a mistake to

[1] A Critical Examination of Socialism. By W. H. Mallock. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2, net.

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assume, as Mr. Mallock does, that directive ability cannot be paid by salary, and that a democratic organization cannot see the justice of such payment and provide for it. In most of our great co-operative enterprises the directive ability is largely paid by salary, and there is no inherent reason why it might not be employed and paid by labor as well as by capital, by an industrial democracy as well as by an industrial autocracy, provided the industrial democracy possessed sufficient intelligence and sufficient conscience. There are no men of greater directive ability in the United States than Theodore Roosevelt, Elihu Root, and William H. Taft, and they are selected by a democracy and paid by a democracy. It is true that democracy, if it desires such directive ability, must learn to pay for it more generously both in money and in appreciation. But we are not prepared to admit that it cannot learn that lesson. There is no adequate reason for affirming that what the Nation does in carrying on a post-office it could not do in carrying on an express business, what it does in constructing a Panama Canal it could not do in operating a railway, what it does in constructing battle-ships it could not do in making cotton cloth. We repeat that the objection to State Socialism is not that it is impracticable; it is that it would be unjust. Some industries can be carried on by government and labor still remain free, for the individual laborer may take part in those industries or not as he pleases; but if all industries were carried on by the government the labor would not remain free, for the laborer would have no choice but to do the work assigned to him by the government for the pay that the government awarded to him.

The fatal defect in such books as Mr. Mallock's—and it is typical of most anti-Socialistic treatises and articles—is that it does not recognize the fact that there are social evils to be corrected; it simply interposes objections to the remedies which Socialism proposes. Mr. Albert Shaw[1] disavows all attempt to discuss social evils and their remedies, but he shows that there is opportunity in the United States for the average man *if he is educated*, and thus indicates that one remedy is to be looked for in a wider and better education. He thus brings back the discussion to the essential principle in the teaching of Jesus Christ, that the fundamental secret of a just social order is the development of individual character. This is not to say that no remedies involving industrial reconstruction are to be employed; but it is very nearly equivalent to saying that all proposed industrial remedies are to be tested primarily by their effect on individual character. Let the reader apply the two remedies, Education and Socialism, to a concrete case. A boy is selling newspapers in New York City. He is earning perhaps a dollar a day. State Socialism says: From every one according to his ability, to every one according to his need. This boy has ability to sell newspapers; let him continue his trade. But he ought to have money enough to marry and have a home of his own, and that will require $3,000 a year; let the State assign him the task of selling newspapers and give him $10 a day. Democracy says: We will make it possible for this boy to go to school, and, if he proves his ability, from school to college, by means of endowments and scholarships. The provisions are yet inadequate, but they are better than they were, and we will make them still better; we will not stop in our educational improvement until the door of educational opportunity is open to every one who has the ability and the will to enter it. This boy does enter it; increases his ability; becomes a lawyer, or a doctor, or a teacher, or a minister, and earns an income of $3,000 a year. He who measures life, not in terms of dollars and cents, but in terms of character, cannot doubt which of these two methods has in it the better promise of social order and personal happiness.

The devil, it is said, is not as black as he is painted. Modern industrialism in the United States is not as black as it is painted. There are terrible slums, but there are far more cleanly and healthful homes in America than noisome tene-

[1] The Outlook for the Average Man. By Albert Shaw. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50, net. (A collection of admirable addresses to university students.)

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ments. There are suffering and degraded poor, but there are a great many more who have a comfortable competence. There is tragic despair, but the prevailing note in America is hope. There is bitter and dangerous discontent, but far more inspiring aspiration. The social evils are real and terrible, but the ameliorations are also real and the progress hopeful. The remedy is not revolution but evolution. It is not the overthrow of the social order and the rebuilding of a new social order on its ruins. It is a further development of those forces which have already made for a wider diffusion of education, a better development of character, a juster organization and administration of government, and a more equable distribution of wealth. And, specifically, it is a recognition of the truths that all natural rights of property rest, in the last analysis, on labor of hand and of brain; that the welfare of the community depends on the welfare of every individual in the community; that this welfare is best furnished by a co-operation of activities in industry, provided the co-operation is voluntary, not compulsory; and that the ultimate object of social organization should always be, not the production of wealth, but the development of character.

DISPOSSESSING THE POLES

BY HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ AND EMIL KLAESSIG

The treatment of the Polish people resident in what was once part of the Kingdom of Poland but is now in Eastern Prussia is a subject of controversy just now, as well as a matter of international interest. We are glad to have the opportunity of laying before our readers two diametrically opposite views—one presented in a letter from the famous Polish novelist Henryk Sienkiewicz, the other in an article by Emil Klaessig, a well-informed German writer. We comment editorially on this subject on another page.—THE EDITORS.

An Insult to Civilization
By
Henryk Sienkiewicz

The twentieth century is now witnessing an unprecedented fact, an insult to civilization, to right, to justice, to all the human notions which are the basis of the life and intellectual culture of modern societies.

For a long time there had existed in Prussian Poland a committee of colonization commissioned to buy the estates of the Poles, in order to implant German people in their stead. These estates were paid with funds realized by the taxes to which the Poles themselves contributed as Prussian subjects. If, moreover, we mention the martyrdom of Polish children in German schools, and the recent bill prohibiting the use of the Polish tongue in public meetings, it will seem impossible that iniquity and the contempt of equality before the laws can go further. And yet the Government whose principle is "Might is above right" would not rest satisfied.

Consequently a bill of *Compulsory Dispossession* has been proposed to the Prussian Parliament. The Poles subjected to the Prussian scepter would then at last be rooted out of that soil which is their country, the beloved land where, for thousands of years, long, uninterrupted generations have been born, have lived, and remain buried.

That part of Poland which the monarchy of the Hohenzollerns has taken hold of has never kindled revolutionary flames; she behaves peacefully, strictly fulfills the hard duties that events impose upon her; she pays the taxes, and yields a military contingent whose courage was more than once admired by Bismarck.

Therefore, when the first news about the compulsory dispossession was published in the European papers, this plan was deemed to be the wild, mad lucubration of a few fanatics bereft not only of moral sense but of reason. People were persuaded that a civilized state that considers the right of property as

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the corner-stone of the social edifice could never go so far as to tread so brutally both upon this principle and upon the most elementary notions of justice. Nobody believed that such a crime might be committed in a society which asserts its claims to being Christian.

And yet Chancellor von Bülow has presented to the Prussian Parliament a bill tending to the *Compulsory Dispossession of the Poles*, and the Parliament, instead of sending back the Chancellor to the study of what is right and moral, has sent the bill to be examined.

The official news of this event has already spread throughout the world, and, much to the credit of mankind, we must state that everywhere it has raised a unanimous cry of indignation and protestation. The European newspapers, without any distinction of tendencies or parties—and, besides, the whole of the independent German papers—have condemned the way of acting of the Prussian Government as a shameful outrage against the natural rights of humanity, and against the very constitution existent in the Kingdom of Prussia.

Even such a Government is compelled to take that universal indignation and contempt into account.

But we wish this protestation against barbarity to last as long as possible and to take the most extensive proportions. We therefore do not consider the clamors of the press as sufficient, obliged as it is to deal every day with novelty. This protestation will get a lasting life and at the same time an immense weight only if throughout the world the most eminent men in science, literature, and arts are willing to express their opinion individually. This shall be the definitive judgment of universal conscience against an unprecedented crime; and this universal conscience against an unprecedented crime shall also be the mightiest plea for the defense of an important fraction of a civilized nation that has well deserved of mankind.

We in no way intend meddling with the private affairs of the monarchy of the Hohenzollerns; we have to deal with a question about which every civilized man is entitled to speak his mind, chiefly those who, among the nations, are the pillars of civilization and intellectual culture.

This is why we ask Americans to state their opinion about the bill presented by the Prussian Government, whose aim is to turn the Poles out of their estates by means of compulsory dispossession. We do not suppose, of course, that this opinion may be anything else than an utterance of indignation and reprobation, but a public censure coming from America will be the condemnation of the greatest iniquity and infamy in the history of the twentieth century. Such an answer will fill the Polish nation with sanguine hope and will be of great help to all the honest people of Germany who, unwilling to see their country disgraced before the world, boldly attack the hateful scheme of the Prussian Government.

National Self-Preservation

By Emil Klaessig

From time to time for the last score of years the attention of the world at large has been attracted to the so-called German-Polish question, concerning the regulation of the relations between the Prussian Government and the Polish population of those eastern portions of Prussia that formerly were a part of the old Kingdom of Poland. Two circumstances have for some time made the Polish question again a topic of international discussion, and special efforts have been made to enlist the sympathy of the American people for the fate of the Poles.

The controversy has assumed an acute phase by the introduction in the Prussian Diet of a bill by the Government authorizing it to enforce by condemnation proceedings the sale to the so-called settlement commission of lands in Prussian Poland held by Poles. This bill has, naturally, aroused great indignation among the Poles, and this indignation has been publicly voiced in an appeal to the intellectual world by the Polish author Sienkiewicz. This appeal is a bitter attack on the Prussian policies in

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connection with the Polish question. There have been so many misrepresentations of the character of these policies, not only by Sienkiewicz and other leading Poles, but also by newspapers all over the world, that it might be worth while to hear some of the facts which have forced the Prussian Government to consider drastic measures against the Poles.

Until about thirty years ago conditions developed normally in the Polish provinces. German culture advanced there continually, as was perfectly natural. At the end of the '70's, however, there was a change. The Poles began to dislodge the German element of the population as a result of the political conditions in Austria. The Austrian Government had continually made concessions to the various nationalities composing its population, playing one element against another. This policy was embodied in the unfortunate "Metternich system." The Austrian Poles proved to be the cleverer diplomats in this political game, granting every desire of the Government after gaining a corresponding concession for Galicia. In this way the Province of Galicia acquired a political position practically independent of Austria. The Prussian Poles, witnessing the success of the Austrian Poles, determined to follow suit and began an effective agitation for this purpose. No German who did not sympathize with this movement of the Poles in the Prussian provinces had a chance of making a living. The German merchants in the cities were boycotted and had to make room to Poles. Trade was largely Polandized. Political errors on the part of the Prussian Government in a degree helped to support the agitation. During the struggle between the German States and the Roman Catholic Church, the Polish clergy were largely instrumental in the Polandization of those eastern Prussian provinces, owing to their great influence over the inhabitants of the rural districts.

Economical mistakes were also made by the Prussian Government in supporting the great landed property, which in the main was owned by Poles. These landowners have always been disloyal, having never relinquished their dream of a Polish State with aristocratic rule, as it formerly existed. They also sought to further the Polish movement by replacing the German laborers on the large estates with Poles. Later, when industry began to develop, this process of Polandization worked automatically, the German farm-hands leaving for the large cities to enjoy higher wages, the Poles on the estates thus having a free hand. This would have been impossible if an opportunity had been given to German farm-hands to settle down as independent farmers on little farms of their own.

The political success of the Austrian Poles gave an ever-increasing stimulus to the Polish agitation, and the Prussian Poles made no secret of their hope of re-establishing an independent Polish State. They communicated with the Poles in Austria, and undoubtedly also maintain a secret understanding with the Russian Poles. The great danger of the situation lies in the fact that they want to sever the bonds that bind them to the countries to which they politically belong.

Sienkiewicz, in his appeal, says that the Prussian Poles have always been loyal to the Prussian Government. That, as a matter of fact, was true in the past, but is no longer true. There is no exaggeration in the statement often made that the Polish provinces of Prussia constitute a German Ireland. The Prussian Poles have achieved more than the Irish. The latter have not driven out the British, while the Poles have invaded German territory. This condition is the more serious in view of the fact that Germany is wedged in between Latin and Slavic races, and it can hardly view with indifference the strengthening of a Slavic element inimical to Germanism by the creation of a new nation.

The logical development of affairs would have been for the German element to have made inroads on Polish territory in order to strengthen the barrier against the Slavic element. Now that this was not possible, precaution must at least be taken to prevent the Germans being driven out of their own country adjacent to the Polish provinces. That the Ger-

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mans are already being crowded out of such territories is shown by the Polandization of Upper Silesia. Nothing, therefore, is more ridiculous than the contention of the Poles that Prussia is crowding them out.

At the end of the '80's, Prussia inaugurated the policy of buying up Polish lands and settling thereon German farmers. This has proved a failure as far as Germanization is concerned; it strengthened the cause of the Poles, who, with the money received from the Prussian Government, bought and Polandized more farms than could be Germanized. The policy now proposed as embodied in the new bill is not to pay the Polish landholders excessive sums for their property, but to acquire it through condemnation proceedings, allowing compensation equal to the real value of the property. It is this measure which the Poles decry as barbarous and which has been so characterized by many newspapers in different parts of the world that have no knowledge of the actual state of affairs justifying the measure. By American critics of the bill it has been said that the injustice thereby done to the Poles would be equivalent to an attempt to apply the same proceeding to the Germans in America. But it is to be borne in mind that the Germans in America are in full harmony with the laws and have never thought of creating an independent state here. American critics overlook the fact that a higher law, that of national self-preservation, is the impelling motive for the adoption of a policy of this nature. Those who bear in mind that the United States for four years carried on the most sanguinary war in history in the interest of this higher law will readily understand the constrained position of Prussia in its relation to the Poles.

ORPHEUS

BY SARA KING WILEY

Along the forest ways the faint first green
Blows mist-like the light silver mists between,
And the dark dripping bough shines like a lance
When the white sun, with flash of peering glance,
Breaks on a sudden all the dim wreaths through,
And beams and burns a space of vivid blue.
A gust of chill breathes from far melting snow,
A flush of heat from meadows warm and low;
The scent of steaming earth an incense weaves
With perfume of white bloom and budded leaves.
Birds dart and wheel the sapphire skies across,
Beasts roll and chase and gambol on the moss,
From their low lairs on swift foot scurrying,
Exultant in the fervor of the spring.
Hark, hark! more sweet than fluting note of bird,
The spring has spoken now, a vibrant word;
Clear as the dewdrops twinkling in the sun
Now drip the notes fast falling, one and one.
The beasts cower down and creeping paw the ground;
The birds sail up and circle round and round;
The panther lifts his head, with glowing eyes,
To utter a deep echo where he lies;
The red deer rubs his antlered head aloof
And digs the earth with steady stamping hoof;
The squirrel halts and lifts his paws, and then
Suddenly seeks the swaying branch again.

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Where gliding currents swollen with the snow
Rushing with sharp sweet sounds together go,
O'errunning the lush grasses by the shore,
Stands Orpheus, listening to the silver roar,
Where jets of foam fly out like leaping fire.
With bright head bowed and fingers on his lyre,
Touching and loosing, slipping up the strings,
Till now in throbbing voice divine he sings.
Softly the creatures creep and round him lie,—
He notes no furry foot nor shining eye,
Nor on his knee their breathing hot and fast,
For wandering in song his soul has passed.

"O sunlight, through the lifted leaves,
Long streaming out as breezes flee,
Bind up, bind up, your golden sheaves,
For golden-haired Eurydice.

Swift stream across the rocks adance,
Where sparkles glister merrily,
Put out your radiance, like the glance
Of happy-eyed Eurydice.

The petals of your lifted cup,
Soft, sanguine-flushed anemone,
In sorrow drooped be folded up,
For flower-sweet Eurydice.

Cobwebs, with trembling dew besprent,
That lightly blow from tree to tree,
Drop like quick tears your ornament
For crystal-bright Eurydice."

The tranquil hours of the long forest day
Unto the hush of twilight flow away,
And rapid music and the clear song swell,
Holding the hearkening creatures in a spell;
It seems the balmy earth and air have lent
An ear to listen to the low lament.

"Pale tender ferns that softly steal
From folded fronds, I pray you be
Swift withered,—in your clasp I feel
The fingers of Eurydice.

O roses, roses, pink as dawn,
Her lips were once as bright as ye,—
In pity fade and be withdrawn
Like delicate Eurydice.

Hush, nightingale, that song of pain,
Soaring to break the heart in me;
I seem to hear the vanished strain
Of golden-voiced Eurydice."

Suddenly down the ringing lyre is cast,
And the pent passion breaks in cries at last.
"Cold in my arms and leaving my embrace
With the white horror flooding the sweet face,

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Drawn back along those pathways of the dead
In sunless gloom is quenched that beaming head.
I seek in vain forever, I shall not see
Thee, thee, again, my lost Eurydice!"
The leopard crawls aside, the birds drop down
And find their nests along the branches brown,
The wolf calls to the brightening of the moon,
Far hollow echoes mock the owl and loon;
Boughs creak in the oncoming breezes blown,
And Orpheus in the darkness weeps alone.

ON THE TRAINING OF PARENTS[1]

BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

SIXTH PAPER

THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM[1]

THE master of the house had returned from a visit to the country home.

"Whom do you suppose I saw to-day?"

The children could not imagine.

"Old Robert. And what do you think he said?"

The guesses flew wide.

"No, you're all wrong. What he said was, 'How are the little men?'"

Then up rose Deacon, as the old colored man had dubbed him, the youngest, blandest, trickiest of the trio, and he laughed in derisive resentment.

"I think Old Robert is funny. He calls us little men. I don't think people will like Old Robert if he calls 'em names."

Names! Will children never cease to shock us by their points of view? Old Robert, like a well-baked pie, had put all the richness of his highly flavored feeling for the lads into that one phrase. He made it serve him as a message of loyalty, respect, affection, comradeship.

Old Robert had probably never heard of James Mill, and if he had, he would not have cited him as an authority, for Old Robert did not act according to the logic of his phrase. James Mills, however, did just that; he proceeded on the theory that it is wholesome to treat children as if they were miniature men and women. He began with his first-born by fitting to him an intellectual frock coat and tall hat. Why he waited till the youngster was three years old no one, so far as I know, has ever explained. Without much further delay he also gave him a religious outfit. This, though decidedly less conventional than his intellectual wardrobe, had the same adult cut. It was not the Benthamite fashion of his religious garb, but its mature lines, that gave John Stuart Mill his air of fascinating priggishness and suave conceit.

Our taste, unlike James Mill's, may be for orthodoxy. We need not on that account despair of imbuing our children with religious precocity and self-assurance. Before he was ten years old, John Stuart Mill had learned that Christianity was immoral, and that there was no personal God. There is no reason why any child at the same age may not know all the mysteries of predestinarianism, and be old in the experiences of sanctification. All we need is the diligence, the courage, the determination, of James Mill.

In these qualities some of our forebears had the advantage of us. They knew very definitely what they wished their children to do and to believe. Among them was an American contemporary of James Mill, the Rev. Carlton Hurd. There are people still living who gratefully recall the ministrations of this

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kindly, stalwart New England divine. He so ran as not uncertainly; so fought he, not as one that beateth the air. And his certitude did not forsake him in the training of his little daughter. It may seem almost grotesque to couple the English author and employee of the East India Company with the orthodox American parson. The one held beliefs antipodal to those of the other. James Mill, moreover, not being able to believe in a God so stern as to create this evil world, made up what was lacking in the cosmos by cultivating in himself an iron sternness toward his son; on the other hand, Parson Hurd, as he is still affectionately called, being fully persuaded of the existence of a God capable of infinite wrath, seemed to cherish in himself, as sort of compensation, a most touching solicitude for his daughter. In only one respect did Parson Hurd resemble James Mill—in having and holding to a body of convictions which were, to his mind, not only indisputable, but also, in substance at least, essential to the proper adornment of the mind of a child. The letter in which he tells the story of Marion Lyle Hurd is the narrative of a complete and orderly religious experience.

Marion died at the age of four years. When she was eight months old, her parents read to her from leaflets for Sabbath-schools. They explained to her when she was a year and a half old, in answer to questions from her, the origin and use of the Bible. They noted that when she had reached the age of two she was "seriously exercised with religious things." At that time she would sometimes kneel down and would say:

"Mother, I am going to pray. What shall I say to God?"

"Ask God to make you good and give you a new heart."

"What is a new heart, mother?"

"This was familiarly explained," writes her father, "and at the same time she was particularly informed of the way of salvation by Jesus Christ, and the steps God had taken to save sinners. We endeavored to impress upon her mind that she was a sinner and needed forgiveness, and God would forgive her sins and give her a new heart through Jesus Christ." That from this time "she chiefly devoted her few remaining days to the acquisition of religious knowledge" her father finds to be a "consoling reflection." He adds, with conscientious caution, "If she was truly converted, we cannot tell when the change took place." Her parents hoped, however, after she had died two years later, that she had "entered 'the city of our God.'" Though they had no means of perceiving the approach of the disease of the brain which occasioned her death, they realized that the sensitiveness and activity of her mind warned them "to lead Marion with the gentlest hand, to make her way as quiet and even as possible." In this third year the books which were read to her included Parley's "Geography" and "Astronomy," Gallaudet's "Child's Book on the Soul," and "Daily Food for Christians." In her fourth year her books, which she read to herself, were, besides the Bible, "Child's Book on Repentance," "Life of Moses," "Family Hymns," "Union Hymns," "Daily Food," "Lessons for Sabbath-Schools," "Henry Milnor," "Watts's Divine Songs," "Nathan W. Dickerman," "Memoir of John Mooney Mead," "Todd's Lectures to Children," and "Pilgrim's Progress." As these titles indicate, she was "particularly fond of reading the biography of good little children." Of all her books, however, Bunyan's masterpiece seems to have been the most instructive. Her knowledge of the allegory was tested by questions. She knew why Christian went through the river while Ignorance was ferried over. She knew what was meant by the Slough of Despond and the losing of the Burden. "When we come to Christ," said she, "we" (not Christians, or people, or you, but we) "lose our sins." And she sought from her father a certificate to enter the City. "We cannot doubt," comments her father, "Marion understood much of what was intended to be taught in that book, which Phillip says, in his life of John Bunyan, contains the essence of all theology. Certainly she was familiar with every step of the pathway of holiness trod by Christian, from the city of Destruction through the river of death to the 'Celestial City.'" And, later, he adds that she evinced "a familiar acquaintance with all parts of that

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allegory and its doctrines." Though he makes clear in his letter that "it is not the piety of the full-grown and mature Christian that we are to look for in a child," he makes equally clear that in all essential particulars her piety was complete. It included even a regard for the significance of eternal reward and penalty. From Doddridge's "Expositor," both by examining the pictures and reading "the sacred text," under the direction of her father, she derived many ideas of the crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus, and the general resurrection at the end of the world. "Marion," continues the narrative, "after closely inspecting the countenances given in those pictures, both to the just and unjust, in the resurrection, would say:

"'Oh! how the wicked look when they rise from the dead!' adding in a serious and solemn manner,

"'There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains,
Where sinners must with devils dwell,
In darkness, fire, and chains.'"

Indeed, from the earlier months, life after death, "the happiness of the good and the misery of the wicked," were topics of "frequent and delightful conversation with her parents."

In her last hours she expressed her assurance that she would be saved, and her last audible words were, "I am not afraid to die." Thus ended this brief life of four years and twenty-six days.

An example of such training would be hard to find among parents of the present day. This is not because there are no parents who have Parson Hurd's convictions; neither is it because there are none who have his confidence in the capacity of children. It is because there are lacking parents who have both the convictions and the confidence. The reason why many parents fail where James Mill and Parson Hurd succeeded is that they try to make compromise between two contradictory theories. Although they wish to give their children a full complement of doctrines, they either do not possess the full complement themselves or do not believe that their children are mature enough to receive it. The spectacle of adults attempting to instruct a primary class in the Logos Doctrine by the kindergarten method is thoroughly modern.

If the way of Parson Hurd and James Mill seems to us either too hard or unreal, there is another way that may be found. That is the studious exclusion of religion from the life—even from the knowledge—of our children. It was this way that J. S. Mill supposed his father set him traveling. Of course he was mistaken when he said in his autobiography that he never had religious belief. He was embowered in religious, though not in Christian or even in theistic, belief. The way that he walked was erroneously marked on his map, that was all. This is worth noting because it indicates how easily even a logician may miss this obscure way of no religion. Those who would lead their children by this route must avoid the very shadow of religion as they would that of the upas. Indeed, against even the air that has passed the shadow of religion they must quarantine their children. Religion is infectious. It can be conveyed by the subtlest means. To it children are perilously liable. Against it there seems to be no trustworthy antitoxin. Children are surrounded by infected people. A chance word may deposit the germ. One child out of the brood may thus fall a victim to a particularly virulent species of religion simply because he never had it in a mild form. Nevertheless, it is possible to establish a quarantine that may chance to remain effective for years. By this means children may be kept from a knowledge of religion just as many are safely, or dangerously, kept from a knowledge of what most people regard as advanced physiology. One family, I am told, has taken this way. How successful it has proved I cannot say. All I have heard is that one member of the family is now enlisted in the ministry. This does not necessarily betoken failure. The theory was simply that each child was to be kept immune until he was old enough to decide for himself whether or not he would take the infection. This way is not the way of indifference. It cannot be followed by any one who is not profoundly affected by religion, whether hostile or friendly to

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it. It may require less routine diligence than the other way, but it requires more anxious circumspection.

Different from either of these is that third way blazed by the developing traits of our children. Those who take it cannot regard religion as a form of doctrines or practices to be handed over to their child ready made; neither can they regard it as a superfluity, which they are to withdraw from their child until he can choose to avoid it as a danger or accept it as a luxury. They can regard it only as a mode of life and therefore a mode of growth. They conceive it to be quite as perfect when it is genuinely manifested in the immaturities of the boy or girl as when it is shown in the riper forms of old age.

Not that they undervalue doctrines. They know that there never was a religion that did not formulate itself. They look, however, for the doctrines to follow the religion, not the religion the doctrines. They are not surprised when they find their children constructing a philosophy of religion for themselves. Once upon a time a little girl was heard to address her dolls, "There's us, and Bridget, and Jews. We're all made of the same material, and we all have the same Father. I guess the difference is that some are more refined than others." No grown-up could have given her in the same number of words a more thoroughly typical example of theology: a union of anthropology, biology, and metaphysics, with a quasi-ethical conclusion. No ecumenical creed could have been more valid for the generation that produced it than could this brief philosophy be for her.

Those who would take this third way well know, too, that there are some phases of religion from which it may be well, if possible, to save children for a time. It is no more necessary to feed them on Dante's Inferno than on Welsh rabbit. This, however, is very different from enforcing abstinence from all religious food.

Conceding as much as this, then, to dogma and to caution, those who do not object to seeing a child grow will—let him grow. They will not be surprised if he looks out on the world with wonder. Neither will they be surprised if his wonder is slow in reaching satiety. It is sometimes very leisurely.

Davy, aged six, asked one day at table, "Mamma, what's above the clouds?"

"Air."

After a moment of thought, "What's above the air?"

"Ether."

Another moment of thought, then, "What's above the ether?"

"More ether. Ether is everywhere."

Throughout this colloquy Davy's brother Donald, two years younger, seemed no more attentive than usual, which means that he was quite inattentive. A few weeks later Davy had occasion to tell some one the story of the Tower of Babel, and added his usual formula, "I think they were foolish to try to get up to God, for God is everywhere." Donald's mind seemed busily engaged about some other matter. A few months passed, and Donald, now turned five, Donald the inattentive, suddenly thrust at his mother this question:

"Is God ether?"

"No," said his mother, with a little hesitating inflection; she was trying to prepare herself for the unknown but inevitable sequence. It came promptly:

"Is God the universe?"

Not willing to commit herself to pantheism, she answered again, "No;" and this time her inflection was more hesitant and inquiring than before.

"How can God be everywhere?"

For all those months that wonder had been nestling in that small mind until it grew brave enough to become vocal. Ether everywhere; God everywhere: God is ether. Why not? And if not, how can both be true?

"Grandfather is in the library; perhaps he can tell you."

A sound on the stairway like the roll of a drum, and Donald was down in the library.

"Grandfather, how can God be everywhere?"

Grandfather touches Donald's hand, "Is Donald here, or," touching his shoulder, "is he here, or," touching his chest, "is he here, or," touching his knee, "is he here?"

Donald did not hesitate; touching

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each spot in turn, he answered, "Donald is here, *and* here, *and* here, *and* here."

"So it is with God," said his grandfather; "he is in New York and England and China and the sun and the moon and the stars."

With a smile that broke like the dawn, and that meant both understanding and gratitude, Donald stood thoughtfully still a moment, and then skipped off to his blocks.

Wonder. That seems to be the first phase of religious experience, and it grows silently unless it is thrust out by some grown-up body's system or is atrophied by studious neglect. Miracles? Santa Claus? Need we trouble ourselves about these when our children are sun-worshipers, polytheists, pagans?

Wonder is only one part of religion. The natural response to wonder is ritual. And children, whether we like it or not, are natively ritualistic. The little son of a well-known writer went with his mother for the first time in his life to service in the Church of England. As they entered, the people were singing; as the music ended, the people knelt.

"What are they going to do now, mamma?"

"They are going to kneel and say their prayers."

"What! with all their clothes on?"

Untrained in ecclesiasticism, that small boy had developed a ritual of his own. Night-clothes, to his mind, were essential to the proprieties of religion. What does it matter to the ritualist whether or not he understands all the words he says? The ritual itself is his reaction to the spirit of reverence.

Indeed, ritual is almost a prerequisite to the spirit of reverence. It is Professor James who has said that a man does not double up his fists because he is angry, or tremble because he is afraid; he is afraid because he trembles, and is angry because he doubles up his fist. So one may say that a man does not kneel because he is reverent; he is reverent because he kneels. What power ritual has needs no further demonstration than that afforded by the Society of Friends. What ritual surpasses in power that of the Quaker meeting-house? What vestments have given color and form to character more effectually than the old-fashioned Quaker garb? If we wish our children to have the spirit of courtesy, we insist that they acquire the habit of speaking politely. If we wish them to have the spirit of reverence—there is no knowing what we shall do, for most of us are very human and irrational.

That is the reason why we shall probably be careless in considering the question of church attendance. There are some of us, perhaps, who have the sense to give an intelligent answer to the question, Why don't you have your children go to church? There is only one rational answer to that question. It might be put into some such form as this: "I have no special objection to churches. They are useful. So are free libraries. People who have no books at home find free libraries a great benefit. But my family have at home all the books they need. So people who are not well supplied with religion derive undoubted benefit from churches; but my family have at home all the religion they need. The community would be about as well off without any church as it is with the churches it has. If no other charity seems more important, I am willing to contribute to a church, as I might to a free library; but, really, I see no reason why I should go to church myself, or expect my children to go." That is a rational answer. I know of no other answer essentially different that could be called rational. An equally rational answer can be given to the question, Why do you require your children to go to church? It might be put into these words: "A church of some kind is essential to the welfare of this community. Without any church even the value of real estate in this place would enormously depreciate. That shows how everybody recognizes the church as a conservator of social morality. In this respect the church stands alone. The sermons may be nearly as dull as those which I have to preach to my children; the music may be even less entertaining; but the congregation represents, as no other body of people, the moral sense of the community. Besides that, the church is the only expression of religion as something not merely individual, but also organic. Inasmuch

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as the church cannot be a church without a congregation, I am obliged, if I believe all this, to take my share in maintaining the existence of that congregation. And since the responsibility for seeing that my children take their share cannot be put upon them, it rests upon me. As a consequence, they no more question why they go to church than they question why they go to meals. They are not being entertained; they are not primarily even receiving instruction. For that reason it is not necessary, though it may be advantageous, for them to understand the sermon. They are forming a habit. On much the same grounds, I am acquainting them with the Bible. What they store in their memory now they need not understand till later. There is a time for learning by heart; there is a time for understanding. Religion, like honesty or playing the piano, is essentially a habit. I no more propose to postpone my children's practice in religious observances until they reach an age of discretion than I propose to postpone their practice in being honest or in learning their five-finger exercises." That answer, like the other, is rational.

A part of ritual is the observance of days and seasons. To this phase of religion we may expect children to be sensitive. Paul's mother came into the nursery one Sunday afternoon.

"What are you doing?"

"Studying."

Paul's mother was surprised.

"We try to keep Sunday different from other days. After this we shall understand that you are not to study on Sunday."

A little more than two weeks later Paul came home from school.

"Sammy is a funny boy," he remarked. Sammy is a schoolmate.

"What has he done?" inquired Paul's mother.

"Why, Sammy gets his lessons on Sunday."

Two Sundays had sufficed for the establishment of a tradition in religious observance so complete that a violation of it seemed grotesque.

In regard to the observance of Sunday, one household has reversed the traditional rule. The ritual characteristic of that family originated in a bachelor uncle's remark. He recalled how alluring were those books which had been forbidden him, as a boy, on Sunday; and how gray a day Sunday was because those books were interdict. He advocated the plan of selecting certain interesting books which would be forbidden on week-days. In other words, he would remove the ban from Sundays and put it on the six other days. His plan was adopted. Certain delights, including several volumes of stories from the Bible, were confined to Sunday. In consequence, Bible stories are in special favor, and Sunday is a day of privilege. In that household the ritual of Sunday observance is a ritual of liberty.

Besides wonder and ritual, there is a factor in religion on which children seize. We may call it hero-worship. Others, following the lead of the psychologists, might prefer to name it imitation. As the children of a certain family gather to look at Bible pictures, they are prone to ask of any group of people depicted, "Are these people good?" Reverence for what to them is an ideal may come later than wonder or ritual, but it is sure to come in time to all children. Those parents who are ready to take their children as they are, and to help the growth of the spirit as they help the growth of the body, incur the peril of always seeing in this reverence a searching inquisition of their own lives. The nearest objects of hero-worship which a child has are his parents. This fact may raise a disturbing inquiry: Shall they puzzle him by setting forth two ideals of fatherhood, one incorporated in themselves, the other involved in their representation of the character of God? Shall they confuse the mind of the child by setting up two inconsistent standards of human service, their own lives and what they tell him of the life of Jesus of Nazareth? This dilemma, of course, is avoided by such parents as hold either of those comfortable theories, that religion is a theology and that religion is a luxury. In the one case such questions are not pertinent; in the other case they are unimportant. If, however, we understand religion to be a mode of life, we may find such questions as these driving us into an

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uncomfortable corner. They seem to compel us to pose as exhorter and pattern; and to force on us a paralyzing self-consciousness. Perhaps it will not harm us to be occasionally reminded of the fact that we cannot expect our children to become altogether different from what we are determined to be; but to be always composing precepts and assuming the attitude of examples seems to be but a feeble part to play. Happily, we need not confine our children to the contemplation of ourselves. There are many who, if we but let them, may share with us the burden of our children's imitativeness. And here comes our reward if we have cultivated their imagination. We may be a bit stingy ourselves, but if we covet generosity for our children we can let Abram make the suggestion. We may cherish our own resentments; but if we want our children to despise theirs, we can let them join the group that heard Peter bidden to put up his sword. Whatever may happen to us in the process will probably do us no hurt. We may find another illustration of the fact that the principal part in the training of our children is the training of ourselves. This may have meant to us, when we started on our course, that the training of ourselves was simply the preparation for the training of our children. By this time we shall have discovered that it is not so much a preparation as an outcome. This art of being a parent is an art of give and take. If it is more blessed to give, as the Lord said, it is, as far as parents are concerned, quite as obligatory to receive. As much at least as this is the implication in one thing that our Lord did. Whether he ever instructed a child in the faith we do not know; we have not been told. What has been told us is that, when he wished to show his disciples—among them some parents, we may not unnaturally surmise—what religion was, he took a child and set him in the midst of them.

LETTERS FROM A WORKINGMAN

II—PIECE-WORK; SOCIAL WELFARE; STRIKES

BY AN AMERICAN MECHANIC

Dear Jim:

THEY have abolished the piece-work system! Need I tell you how great a relief it was to read the notice to that effect on the bulletin-board? On January 1st we go back to day's wages. I was in pretty bad shape, mentally, after that rush job on which I made a "record." The treatment that I received from some of the fellows was almost unendurable. I wasn't positively boycotted, but it was distressing to realize that I had aroused against myself the ill feeling of some of the best men in the shop, simply because I had done a piece-work job in one-half the time in which it had ever been done before. They naturally felt that I was responsible for the reduction in the piece-work price which followed. The ruff-scuff tried to make it unpleasant by throwing at me bunches of oily waste and hardwood driving-blocks—when I wasn't looking, of course—but that wasn't nearly as hard to bear as the indifference of some of the men whose friendship I really care for.

However, they are rapidly forgetting about it, and it may be that I shall soon be restored to my former place in their estimation.

The change in the system was due to the influence of the Super. He felt that he could get just as much work out of the men without the piece-work system, and he was sure that there would be a much better feeling throughout the shop. I've noticed, by the way, that while he hasn't seemed to take any of the men into his confidence—which might make some of them feel cocky—he has gained their confidence to an unusual degree. He has had placed near the door a small box with a slot in the top, above which

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is a sign that reads in the following words:

We want suggestions for improving this plant. If you have an idea on the subject, write it briefly, sign your name, and drop it into this box.

Already there have been made a number of improvements upon the recommendation of the men. The firm has just installed a series of long wash-basins with innumerable faucets so that we may use clean, fresh water in washing at noon and at the end of the day's work. The men formerly used wooden pails, each man owning his own pail. It was impossible for more than four men to get near the old iron sink at one time, as there are hundreds of men on each floor. The result was that after a fellow had scrubbed the thick dirt and oil off his hands, sometimes using sand or some other heroic stuff, he was compelled to push his face into the greasy water, which, you can imagine, isn't a very self-respecting thing to do. The chap that owned two pails was regarded as an aristocrat, but as there wasn't room for many more than two thousand pails under the work-benches and machines, mighty few of them were privileged to join this class. It was dirty, sloppy business anyway, and everybody is immensely pleased at the innovation.

But the firm is getting some good out of this arrangement, which, upon first thought, seems to be entirely for the benefit of the men. Before the basins were introduced it was quite a common practice, especially among some of the floor men, to sneak off at about ten minutes before quitting time, if the boss didn't happen to be around, wash up in some obscure corner, and, upon the first tap of the bell, run for the gate. Now that is impossible. Every fellow works right up to the regular time to stop, and takes his place at the long basins with the rest of us who didn't happen to have a claim on a pail in a far-away corner or behind a big machine. The basins are going to pay for themselves in a very short time—in more ways than one.

There's one thing about the Super that we admire hugely. He never makes a splurge about "social welfare work." He tried to be decent to the men, doing the square thing about keeping the shop clean and paying fair wages—at least as fair as the trade seems to permit. There probably isn't a man in the shop who feels that he is getting all that is coming to him. But the Super hasn't introduced any kindergartens or day nurseries, and such-like, so that the firm may exploit the fact that they are running an "ideal" shop—as a good business proposition. That sort of thing may be a good advertisement so far as the public is concerned, but our boys would resent anything that seemed in the least like paternalism. Somehow, that's the temper of the American workingman. He hates like the mischief to feel that anybody owns him or is trying to baby him. They tell me that in London, during a recent strike, the strikers paraded the streets with men stationed at the ends of the lines with caps outstretched, ready to receive the contributions of the onlookers. Imagine that in New York or Chicago! In fact, in any other town in this country.

I imagine that there are some chaps in the shop who would not be against a scheme in the nature of a social welfare enterprise. They would consist, for the most part, of two types. The first would be the very few men who felt that some other fellow needed the assistance which such work would render, even though they themselves did not have much to do with it. And the second would be of the kind that compose that class who take anything that comes their way, as a sort of graft. I don't mean to say that the firm would not do a whole lot of good through social welfare work, neither would I infer that absolutely no self-respecting men would avail themselves of the privileges offered; but, as a general proposition, unless there was some kind of compulsion, comparatively few average workingmen would have anything to do with a plan which seemed to have back of it the spirit of patronage or paternalism. Somehow, it seems to the fellows that when a firm is too good about such things they must have something up their sleeves, and sooner or later it will come out. It's too much like a "con" game, you know. Maybe we're wrong, but we have been taken in

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so often that most of us are mighty suspicious of anything that seems like a special favor, out of which the boss isn't going to make more than we will get out of it. Therefore, when a particular scheme is presented by the office, it seems a natural thing to be "ag'in'" it on general principles.

Now, our Super is constantly introducing new features in the social welfare line, but we never hear the term mentioned. Many of his little plans have to do with the comfort of the men, but he goes about introducing them without any fuss. He doesn't lecture the men about the high regard that the "dear boss" has for them. He doesn't tell how they are blessed above all other workingmen because they are employed by the John Streator Company. Others do that for him. The mechanics who come to us from other shops notice it. They tell us that there is a difference. And they ought to know. Conditions are not ideal, by any means, but we are much nearer the ideal since Jerry Howell became the Superintendent.

Strikes have been very numerous in the city recently. Every morning the papers have stories of violence committed, supposedly by trades-unionists, or at least by their friends and sympathizers. It's pretty hard to tell which, if one depends entirely upon the newspapers for one's information. In many cases the newspaper owners are interested directly or indirectly, and usually the business office dictates the editorial policy. They have had some strikes here in the past. None of them have been very serious affairs, nor have the men been out for very long at any one time. But, apparently, to the old man, to strike is to commit the unpardonable sin. I passed through the main office the other day and saw hanging near the door the photograph of the oldest employee in the shop. Just beneath the picture, in the narrow margin of the card mount, was this legend:

HARRY JONES
Oldest employee in the works of the John Streator Co.
Born in Wales, Sept. 4, 1827
Entered our employ Oct. 1, 1843
HE WAS NEVER OUT ON STRIKE

That's a pretty good record. To be with the same concern for nearly sixty-five years means a good deal, both to the firm and to the workman. But I confess that I went away from that photograph with mingling emotions. I am sure that some of the strikes engaged in in this shop during the past sixty-five years were justifiable—as strikes go, of course. Striking is bad business at best, but once in a while a strike seems necessary. I wondered if that was really the best thing that could be said about a workingman. Never a striker! Well, I'm not looking for trouble, but I am more anxious about some other things in connection with my reputation as an American artisan than that I never went out on strike! It riles me just the least bit when I think of it even now. "He never went out on strike!" I'm wondering what kind of a crowd we'd be if we all had the same kind of a record. I wonder, too, how the old man would classify Moses, the strike leader of that bunch of two million brick-makers who walked out because Pharaoh didn't do the square thing? Of course he couldn't frame Moses's photograph and write that epitaph beneath it, but I guess that Moses wouldn't care very much about that. He did accomplish some other things which probably overbalance the crime of creating a labor fuss down in Egypt. But then Moses never worked for the old man, so it's pretty hard to tell what might have happened on either side.

While there is no immediate danger of a strike in this plant, I have recently heard a good deal of trades union talk. Not that that necessarily implies a strike, but it just naturally makes a man feel that there's something in the air. I haven't joined the labor union, but I suppose it is simply because I haven't been approached on the subject.

There's a fellow in my department who is going to make a lot of trouble for us some day. He is a big Yankee. Never learned the trade regularly. That is, he never served an apprenticeship in a machine shop. He started his life's work Down East as a sailor. Then he became a New York policeman. He was fired off the force, or "broke," as he

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puts it, for violating a rule—I've forgotten what it was. Then he became a handy man in a marine engine shop. Soon they had a strike, and Big Dan was given a machine. He worked there long enough to learn how to turn out rough work on the planer, and, having a good deal of nerve, he applied for a job in another shop, got it, then, after a couple of years' experience, came here. By this time, of course, he is a pretty good mechanic; or at least he is a pretty good specialist. He would not be called an all-round machinist, as he can run only one kind of a machine. For several reasons the men in the shop do not like him. They have a kind of an innate prejudice against him because he evaded the five years' discipline and hardship of an apprentice's life. They look upon that as a kind of a skin game, and they feel, somehow, that he has taken an unfair advantage of them. They cannot be made to see that he really deserves considerable credit for pushing himself along as he has done, although I presume that they might forgive some other things if he hadn't "scabbed" it in that engine shop.

Aside from this, he has a way of going about the shop and turning out gas jets which seem to be burning unnecessarily, and which the men may have forgotten to turn down. That seems a very commendable thing to do, and it makes me laugh when I think of the men's prejudice against him on this account; but they accuse him of being just a common "sucker." He has another economical streak for which he is hated still more bitterly. The engine starts up at about ten minutes before seven in the morning, so as to get a good strong movement before the strain of hundreds of machines is put upon it. Dan always comes into the shop at six-thirty, fills his oil-cans and lamps, gets his tools ready for work, and just as soon as the shafting begins to turn, he throws over his belt and starts up his machine. This is almost invariably greeted with a yell from some part of the shop, but Dan seems absolutely indifferent to ridicule or to threats of any kind. He is a tremendous pusher. If he were a gang-boss or a foreman, he would be a perfect tyrant. As it is, he is the most cordially despised man in the shop, and mostly because he is too industrious and too economical—in his way. Yours, SAM.

A PARALLEL CASE

BY ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE

"TO obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams, Hester."

The words were uttered in a stern monotone by Hannah the nurse, as she stood in the doorway of the cottage one June day. She was following with unsympathetic eyes the movements of a little yellow-haired girl in a blue-checked gingham gown. The child was about nine years old. She came slowly down the garden path toward the house, pausing here and there to pick the blue and pink cornflowers that blossomed in straggling masses on both sides of the path. Her slender little fingers were clasped tightly around the bunch she had just gathered, and her eager face, clouded by an obvious consciousness of the disapproval she was arousing, now took on a look of mystification as well.

"I don't know what you mean, Hannah." And she bent to pick a pretty pink blossom.

"I mean that your mother would rather have you come in to breakfast when you're called than have you bring her in bunches of flowers that you can pick any time o' day. Come, child!"

"Yes, Hannah, I'm coming. Only I wanted the flowers just fresh for breakfast."

Hester now resolutely straightened up and ran with her treasures toward the house. As she did so, a yellow kitten pranced out from beneath the porch steps, and flung itself crouched in the path, pink mouth open, stubby paws set,

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back arched and fluffy, tail curving up and then down, like a big fuzzy comma—a picture of playful fury. The child gave a shrill little chuckie of delight, and dived for the kitten, who dodged, turned, and scampered up the steps, past the nurse's skirts, and into the house, closely pursued by girl and flowers. Hannah, with a grunt of disapproval, followed heavily.

The family were indeed seated at the breakfast table when Hester came in, pink with her encounter. She laid the flowers beside her mother's plate, and, with a murmured "Good-morning," slipped into her seat. Billy, her brother, an undergrown boy of fourteen, paused over his oatmeal to call across the table, "Late again, Hes! You're always late. You were playing with the kitten. I heard you."

Hester's gray eyes darkened as she answered, "That didn't make me late. I was picking flowers."

"Flowers nothing!" remarked the boy. "It was the kitten's fault. I'm going to drown that kitten, then you'll be on time for things."

Hester looked appealingly at her mother, who was busy buttering toast for a four-year-old boy beside her. Her father was lost behind the folds of the morning paper. Billy, seeing a clear field, continued judicially: "You needn't mind if I do. Drowning's a dead easy death. All the books say so. That kitten wouldn't be half so uncomfortable getting drowned as she was last week when Harry and I tied her ears and her tail up together. Gee! Didn't she howl!"

Hester's lip was quivering and the tears were brimming under the long lashes, but she bent over her oatmeal and let them drop into her cream. She had not lived for nine years with an elder brother without learning the importance of self-control.

Mrs. Elliott, however, freed from the importunities of the four-year-old, caught the purport of the last speech and interfered:

"Billy! How can you talk so! I shall not let Harry come over here any more if you are going to act like that."

Billy, understanding that his hour was over, became absorbed in his oatmeal, and Mrs. Elliott, glancing at her little daughter's face, was just about to speak when an exclamation from behind the newspaper arrested her.

"Good heavens, Eunice, this is awful!"

"What, William?"

"Here's a Shanghai despatch saying that the murder of the foreign legation seems certain—and just listen to this: 'It is reported that the men of the legations have shot their wives and children in order to save them from the tortures which the Chinese are inflicting upon all foreigners who fall into their hands.'"

Mrs. Elliott's eyes, gray like Hester's, grew dark as the child's had done a moment before.

"And here's another despatch that says—"

"Don't, William, don't read any more! I'll look at it after breakfast."

Billy, meanwhile, was watching for a chance to renew the attack upon his sister, but, seeing no opening, bolted the rest of his breakfast, and with a muttered "Excuse me," pushed back his chair and sauntered out into the hall. In a moment a stifled mew was heard. Hester's quick ears caught it and she flashed out of the room. There followed the sound of a scrimmage, another mew, a laugh from Billy, with, "There! Take your old cat! You're a wildcat yourself!" Then the sound of light running steps out of the back door, across the porch, and down the gravel path through the garden. Mrs. Elliott, glancing out through the window behind her, caught a glimpse of a flying blue figure and yellow hair.

"That boy!" she murmured, and, rising, she went into the hall and listened. "Billy!" she called, "Billy!" The house was silent now save for the heavy tread of Hannah in a room above, and the crackling of Mr. Elliott's newspaper.

"Billy! He must have gone out too." She stepped to the front door and pushed open the screen. "Yes, there he goes over to Harry's." She set her lips disapprovingly, but a voice from the dining-room recalled her.

"Mudsey, Mudsey, I yant thum moah toatht!"

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"William," she said, as she buttered the toast.

"Yes, dear," murmured her husband, with the far-away tone of one absorbed.

"William, listen, please." Slowly the newspaper crackled down, and a kind, bearded face appeared above it.

"William, dear, I do wish you would learn not to read all those horrors aloud when Hester is here."

"Why not? She doesn't pay any attention, not any more than Johnny here." As he spoke his eyes traveled back toward the absorbing headlines.

"Indeed she does. You didn't see her face."

"You never were so careful about Billy, and he's older and understands more."

"He doesn't understand a bit more. He hasn't as good a head as Hester, and, anyway, Billy's a little brute."

"All boys are."

"Well, then, just remember that girls aren't, and don't read those awful things aloud when she's around. Look at her oatmeal! She hasn't touched it."

"Hester takes things too hard." Mr. Elliott rose slowly, his eyes still running over the columns of the paper as he laid it down.

"This time it was partly the kitten, though. Billy and Harry are such little beasts! I believe they do hurt the little thing sometimes."

"What! Do those boys hurt the child?" He straightened up, really roused.

"No, no. I mean the kitten, of course."

"Oh, I thought you meant Hester."

"Well, it might as well be Hester. It hurts her more than it does the kitten."

"Nonsense!" He smiled cheerfully as he came around to her chair and bent to kiss her. "Well, good-by, wife; I must take the 8:23 this morning."

"Come, Jackie, dear," said his mother, as her husband's firm, heavy steps died away on the village street. "You've had enough toast." She lifted him down and he trotted out. Mrs. Elliott followed slowly, and stood on the back porch scanning the garden and the sunny fields beyond. "Hester!" she called, "Hester!" There was no answer. In the room above a bed squeaked as it rolled on its casters.

"Hester!"

Hannah came to the window overhead and called down in her usual tones of disapproval, "She's gone acrost the field to the river, ma'am. She went runnin' all the way, and the kitten in her arms."

Mrs. Elliott paused for a last look out over the sunny meadow, and then went back into the house.

Meanwhile, Hester had sunk panting in the grass at the farther side of the meadow. The kitten, excited by her rapid journey, sprang out of her little mistress's arms and dashed into the clover, but returned in a moment, feeling, perhaps, that the world was wide and two were better than one. She rubbed about the child's knees and rose on her hind legs to pat daintily at a lock of yellow hair that dangled down past Hester's ear half-way to the ground. It was a pretty kitten; the tawny yellow was deepened by brownish stripes, especially on her tail, and there was a pure white spot under her chin.

At the kitten's touch Hester sat up, took her pet in her lap again, and began to stroke her fur with thin, sensitive fingers.

"They rubbed all the fur off your ears, dear," she murmured, looking at those stubby members, which were indeed devoid of fur except at the base. "And they hurt your tail." She let the fluffy tail run through her fingers, and at one point the little creature winced and mewed. "Oh! Does it hurt still, Kitty!" Hester's eyes filled, and she bent over the kitten and buried her face in the soft fur. Her yellow locks fell all about over the blue gingham and mingled with the clover. Finally the kitten squirmed restlessly away and jumped for a dragon-fly that had lighted on a stalk of timothy. Hester rested her chin on her hands, watching her pet. She sat thus for some time, then she straightened up, rigid. "They killed their wives and children to keep them from being hurt worse." Her eyes, black-pupiled, were fixed on nothing. "Drowning *is* an easy death. I've read about it." Meanwhile the kitten had wandered too far into the thick grass and could not

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see her way back. A faint mew aroused Hester, who started to her feet, brushed the hair from her ears, and called, "Kitty, kitty! Elaine, where are you? Here, kitty!"

"Mee-ew!"

"Oh, there you are! Poor little kitty! You couldn't see through the clover, could you?" Hester reached through the tangled masses of sweet blossoms, and lifted the little waif. She stood a moment holding her and looking across the field, where a line of willows marked the river bank. She took a few steps toward it, irresolutely, then paused. "Elaine, are you hungry?" The kitten regarded her with round blue eyes. "Why, Elaine, of course you are. You didn't have any breakfast. I didn't either, but, then, I didn't want any." She turned back toward the house, and her face, now that the flush from her run had died out, was very pale, and there were blue shadows under the gray eyes. Back across the field she went, up through the garden, and into the dining-room, where the crumpled newspaper still lay beside her father's chair. She took her bowl of oatmeal, untouched in its pool of cream, and set it on the floor beside the kitten, who lapped voraciously, until the oatmeal alone remained, high and dry.

"Was it good, kitty?" The kitten licked its chops contentedly.

"Did you have enough? I'll get you some more." She turned toward the table for the cream-pitcher, but paused at a sound of boys' voices in the street. "Oh, kitty, that's Billy and Harry! We mustn't let them see us." And she snatched up the little yellow ball and fled again through the garden. In the field beyond she walked more slowly, knowing that the hedgerow hid her from the house. "I meant to give you more cream, kitty, but I didn't dare wait. They might have found us, and teased you again, dear." The child's chin and mouth were buried between the kitten's ears as she murmured on, "But never mind, kitty, there truly was a good deal of cream in that saucer. I think you must have had enough." And Elaine purred gently.

Hester walked slowly on through the fields until she came to the line of willows at the river. On a fallen log she sat down, and absently patted the kitten in her lap, while her gray eyes rested on the sunny river. It was shallow here, and rippled gayly along over a bed of sand and stones. Below, it curved between narrowing banks to a deep pool, overhung by a giant hemlock, last survivor of a vanished forest. Just here the river was spanned by a slender footbridge, two planks wide, with a rope for hand-rail stretched between a willow on the near bank and the hemlock opposite. Hester never went on the bridge, because it swayed so, and she was physically timid. But she loved the shore and the great hemlock hanging over the black pool. To-day, however, she did not look at it, but gazed at the sunlit water close beside her.

"It's pretty, Elaine, isn't it?" she murmured. "The water is almost the same color as your fur, see!" She lifted the ball of yellow in two slender hands, so that the waters made a background. "No, you're darker. That's because you're in the shade." She stretched her arms to bring the kitten into a patch of sunlight. "There! The very same! The very, very same! Such a pretty color!" She drew her back and buried her cheek in the fur. "Only you are all warm from the sun, and the water isn't warm, it's cold. I dipped my foot in the other day, kitty, and it was so cold!" She shivered, and clutched the kitten. "Oh, kitty dear, I can't do it, I can't!" The kitten gave a faint, stifled mew. "Poor kitty! Did I squeeze you?" She sat erect again, set the kitten on her knee, and held her fore paws, one in each thin hand. "Now, listen, Elaine." Elaine blinked, and licked her chops reminiscently. "You know they killed their wives, to save them from being hurt worse—the way Billy hurts you, you know. Only they didn't drown them, they shot them. Drowning's much easier, kitty; I read all about it once, how you feel when you drown. You have beautiful dreams, or else, if you've been bad, you remember all the bad things you ever did, all in a minute. If Billy should get drowned, he'd remember all the times he's teased you, kitty. But you never

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were bad, kitty dear, and you would just have beautiful dreams—about drinking cream, and playing with me in the garden." Here she choked, gave a little sob, and pressed the little yellow creature against her cheek, where now a crimson spot burned. After a moment she rose and set the kitten gently down. "Now run and play a while." Elaine stood, irresolute, waving her fluffy, pointed tail, then leaped in the air at a brown butterfly floating overhead, and dashed into the willows in gay pursuit. Hester, looking about on the pebbly bank, picked up a stone, tested its weight, dropped it, picked up another, and another, until at last she found one to suit her. She looked about her, considering, then put her hand up to her hair, and pulled off the bow of blue-checked silk that held it back from her forehead. She untied it and wound one end about the stone, tied it in a hard knot, and swung it to see if it held. "Kitty," she called, "kitty, where are you? Here, kitty, kitty, kitty!" A yellow ball burst from the bushes. Hester knelt beside her and passed the free end of the ribbon about her neck, tying it beneath her chin. Then she gathered up stone and kitten to her breast. Her face was set, as she walked down the bank to the foot-bridge, paused, and gazed down at the dark pool below. A shudder passed over her, and she closed her eyes a moment, then opened them and they gazed, black and steady, at the narrow line of planks. She stepped out on them, and did not falter as they swayed under her tread. At the middle she stopped, and buried her face for a moment in the yellow fur. Kitty was purring gently. Then she crouched down on the shaking planks—

"Hester! Look out! You'll fall in!"

It was her father's voice from the foot-path on the farther bank. He continued in a cheerful shout as he approached, "Hall's Bridge burned up last night—the big railway bridge, you know—no trains running till noon." At the end of the bridge he paused and looked more attentively at Hester, who had risen and now stood, one arm tightly about the kitten, the other hand clutching the guide-rope. Something insecure in her attitude prompted him to say, "You'd better go on back to the bank before I come across. I might shake the planks more than would be comfortable."

She turned mechanically, and went slowly back as she had come. Once on the bank, she dropped in a little forlorn heap. Her father strode quickly across, making the slender strip of planking spring and rock under his steps. Even to his masculine perception something was clearly wrong with the child. He knelt down beside her and pushed back the yellow hair enough to see one flushed cheek and a bit of tawny fur.

"Oh! You brought your kitten away down here! Let her go and play while I tell you about the way the bridge got on fire. Here, kitty!—Why! what's this on her neck?"

He extracted the kitten, but the rest of the limp little heap did not move. Mr. Elliott, now thoroughly attentive, noted the knotted ribbon and the stone, and glanced back at the bridge and the pool below. He was thinking harder about his little daughter than he had ever done in his life before. In a moment he pulled out his knife, cut the ribbon and set down the kitten, who pranced off into the tall grasses. Then he gathered up the child in his arms and sat down with her on a willow log. Hester was not crying, but her face was hidden in his arm, and now and then a shudder ran through her. For a long time her father stroked the soft masses of yellow hair in silence. Finally he said, very gently, "Hester, Billy shall never touch your kitty again—never. Boys don't always understand how to treat kittens and little girls, but I'm going to make Billy understand. See, girlie!"

There was no response at first, except a closer nestling of the hidden face. The spot under the willows seemed very quiet in spite of all the summer sounds. The brook murmured in monotonous variety. The note of the meadow-lark rose from the field, and in a tree across the brook a song-sparrow caroled gayly. Now and then the kitten capered over toward them, purred companionably, and darted back again to her play. Finally Hester murmured from the folds of the coat, "Won't he truly do it ever any more?"

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"No, Hester, never any more."

There was a ring of firmness in his voice that was very satisfying, and Hester cuddled down comfortably and breathed quietly again. At last she sat up, "Where's kitty?"

The tossing of the thick grasses by the path was an answer. Mr. Elliott set the child gently down, strode over, and with a long arm plucked the little creature out of the tangle. "Here she is. I'll put her in my pocket with her head and paws out—see? She just fits. She likes it. And now let's walk along up, and I'll tell you all about the fire."

POSITIVE PREACHING[1]

THESE lectures by the distinguished Principal of Hackney College, London, though they provoked dissent as a harking back toward scholasticism, are certainly virile and vitalizing, and quite up to the high standard of the Yale lectureship. Dr. Forsyth is a severe critic of the Rev. R. J. Campbell's "new theology," but at one with his demand for "a strenuous spiritual morality." He insists that this is producible only by the preaching of a particular view of the atonement. This view, he acknowledges, is based less upon the Gospels than on the Epistles. He affirms that "the issue of the hour is less about Jesus than Paul," and that "the pulpit has robbed Christ of Paul." He holds the scholastic ground that "the chief value of the Cross is its value for God rather than for man," though he interprets this in a sense somewhat modified from that intended by the older divines. He sees that the Church has lost its grip on the world. He agrees with Professor Ladd in a low estimate of the *morale* of the Christian rank and file. He observes deficient depth and power in many preachers. He would have the Church renew itself by contemplating the final act of Christ's life, his endurance of the Cross, but does not lay emphasis on the self-sacrificing life of vilified goodness and benevolence suffering daily crucifixion.

Dr. Forsyth justly criticises a deficient sense of sin and guilt, which he attributes to a defective preaching of the Atoning Cross. Since the doctrine of retribution was dislodged from its ancient base of fire and brimstone, fear of wrath has declined. On the other hand, of real consciousness of sin there is, we believe, more now than ever, because of the modern advance of the moral standard. Dr. Forsyth overlooks the fact that consciousness of personal sin is now enhanced by consciousness of the social sin for which some responsibility attaches to each citizen. Of this there is much more than formerly, as the flagrant evils and wrongs of the social order are exposed, and the prophets of human brotherhood gain wider audience. And the preaching of the Cross which social sin demands is the preaching of the life that braves all cost and loss for righteousness' sake. But under the preaching of an externalized and substitutionary Atonement, accomplished once for all in ancient time, the social sin now at length making its burden felt on many consciences has flourished for ages, and flourishes still, in a comfortable belief that a better world hereafter will make compensation enough for the evils tolerated in the present.

But though Dr. Forsyth is essentially on the ground of scholastic theology, he makes large concessions to the modern spirit, especially as to Biblical criticism and miracles. He admits, too, that "the old faith needs a new theology." To the irrevisable form of orthodoxy he denies the right to monopolize the term "evangelical." He will accept "any theology" as evangelical "which does full justice to the one creative principle of grace." It is evident that Dr. Forsyth's theology, too exclusively emphasizing as it does whatever truth there was in the old forensic view, has what that view lacked, a moral basis.

But, notwithstanding their defects, there is a note of moral life and inspira-

[1] Positive Preaching and Modern Mind. (Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching.) By P. Taylor Forsyth, D.D. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. $1.75, net.

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tion throughout these lectures which is both tonic and timely. As Dr. Forsyth puts it, "Christolatry" has been substituted for "Christocracy." Christ is worshiped, but not obeyed. But Christ demands obedience, he does not demand worship. Not a more orthodox theology but a higher righteousness must, for the present at least, be the characteristic note of positive preaching to the modern mind.

Comment on Current Books

An Inward Light

It is impossible to ignore the fact that Buddhism has become an important factor in our intellectual life, especially in view of the recent establishment of three international societies for the propagation of the faith. Europe and America are represented in these movements, and Buddhism, even superficially interpreted, has taken hold of many minds. Mr. H. Fielding Hall, an Englishman resident for years in Burma, has written a book called "The Inward Light,"[1] following his earlier effort to explain Oriental religious truth in "The Soul of a People." He assumes that all Western writers upon Buddhism bring to it such strong and false preconceptions that their work is practically useless. His aim is to dispel misleading vapors and unfold the true beauty of a religion which he believes contains a promise of immortality—"the only beautiful and reasonable immortality the world has known." Primarily a poet, he writes with great charm, even though he sins against his own standard, and not unfrequently is lost to view in misty phrases. He contends that the East has a light unknown to the West, and so far entirely lacking in all Western religious thought. If one accepts the Eastern definition of religion, no one will dispute the claim that the East is and always has been religious, "not in part of its life, but in the whole of it." Still, one who has read widely on the subject, or who has spent any time in India, would be slow to admit that happiness is a result of an Oriental faith. Mr. Hall is convinced that happiness is the possession of the East. The East says to the West, "You are always struggling. You think you master Fate, you cannot. . . And when you fail you suffer. So then all your lives you are discontented, you suffer, you are afraid. But we are not. We think Fear is the only enemy. . . . Your view ends at death, but ours goes on. . . . You wish to control your bodies, we try to control our souls. You cultivate fear, we hope." If one is prepared to admit this as a true representation of Western religious thought, to say nothing of the East, it will be easy to follow on to Mr. Hall's conclusion. He thinks that the West teaches that it does not matter what a man's acts are if he believes in God, Right, Wrong, Hell and Heaven, while religion in the East is "a matter of realities of conduct, of righteousness." However, it is not worth while to argue about, or attempt to analyze, this restatement of Buddhism. The author undoubtedly presents the especial phase of Buddhism that appeals to his own nature, emphasizing perhaps unduly the real truths that have morally influenced Asiatic nations, forgetting that Buddhism is "essentially negative, a morality that enables its adherents to suffer and endure, but not to act and work," as has been pointed out by a German thinker recently. The book is a difficult one to represent in a brief review, because it is such a mingling of beauty and truth with partial statements and actually false conclusions. It will attract the superficial reader by its glowing language and entertain the more sober mind by its constant challenge to his thought.

[1] The Inward Light. By H. Fielding Hall. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75, net.

European History

The prolific pen from which this fresh and stimulating volume[1] proceeds undertakes no mere narrative of events. It uses the best-documented portion of ancient history—the Greek and Roman—for the exhibition of the immanent end involved in the course of events. It is thus a philosophy of history which is here presented, history viewed as a teleological process, the goal of which is the State universal, multi-racial, in which freedom is secured to every citizen. This philosophy, set forth at length in the Introduction, assumes three factors of the historical process subsequently traced in the Greek and Roman periods—the "Ethnic Protoplasm," or raw humanity; the "World-Spirit," or the Power above History, yet active therein as an immanent energy working towards its ends; and the "Great Man," the historic hero, the instrument of the World-Spirit in its evolu-

[1] European History, Chiefly Ancient in its Processes. By Denton J. Snider. The Sigma Publishing Company, St. Louis, Missouri. $1.50.

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tion of the new from the old. Ancient in substance, though somewhat new in terms of statement, and decidedly original in its treatment of facts and events, this philosophy is helpful to the spectator of the historical drama who would see things whole in their interrelation of cause and effect, and their significance for a final issue.

Ars Longa Est Giorgio Vasari was not only himself a painter and architect; he was not only the well-known biographer of other painters, sculptors, and architects; he was, through his treatise on technique,[1] also a teacher in the three arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. Despite its great length, this treatise was prefixed to his "Lives of the Most Excellent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects," published in 1550. The treatise was written primarily to instruct "every gracious spirit in the most noble matters that pertain to the artistic profession." Its language is technical, of course, but not so technical as to be too far above the head of the general reader. Its value is manifest when we consider its comprehensiveness. In the province of painting, for instance, Vasari tells us not only concerning the different methods of executing drawings and cartoons, and then of the subsequent mural painting, or of the oil painting on panel or canvas; he also informs us concerning permanent decorative painting for façades, he tells us about gilding, about glass or marble mosaics, about tarsia, or wood inlays, about stained glass, about methods of enameling. He notices all these subjects because they partake of the nature of picture work. Strange as it may seem, this treatise has never until now been translated as a whole into English. This is due to the fact that at the time of its publication in Italian little interest was taken by the general public in technical processes compared with that manifested for biographical details. Again, it was noted that Vasari's vivacious style in biographical writing was not so characteristic of his "Technique." Finally, to certain critics, with whom we also can sympathize, the matter as well as the manner of the text was somewhat disappointing. Vasari himself was not a completely discriminating critic, as witness the views on Gothic art set forth in this volume. He was too much a classicist to appreciate or even to comprehend the meaning of the Gothic age. But—and this is a big but!—with these limitations, Vasari was a praiseworthy enthusiast, one who had the power to interest men of all sorts in art. We appreciate this when we read his discourse on, for instance, the different character of stones, or the process of making a bronze statue, or on that of covering a wall with fresco. The influence of such a man is not bounded by the span of his life, but goes on from age to age.

[1] Vasari on Technique. By Giorgio Vasari. Translated by Louisa A. Maclehose. Edited by Professor G. Baldwin Brown. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4, net.

Jefferson Davis Not long ago there appeared a volume of Confederate memoirs in which the author frankly acknowledged that it was fortunate for the South that she had been defeated in the Civil War. This sentiment is now echoed by another well-known Southerner, Professor William E. Dodd, in the opening pages of a new biography of Jefferson Davis.[1] It is his hope, writes Professor Dodd, so to tell the story of Davis's life that the "ardent nationalist may be induced to pause while a great career unfolds before him; and in the hope also that the follower of 'Jeff' Davis may forget the woes of the past to contemplate blessings of the present which could hardly have been possible had the 'lost cause' prevailed." Thoughttul readers of both the North and the South will agree that Professor Dodd has performed a difficult task well, writing sympathetically of the President of the short-lived Confederacy, yet not allowing his sympathies to run away with his judgment. The influences that gave Davis his pronounced political views, the influences that made him the logical leader of the seceded States, and the influences that combined to hasten the downfall of his government, are presented in a way that goes far to justify Davis in the eyes of posterity. Professor Dodd makes it very plain, on the other hand, that he by no means regards Davis as the ideal man for the post he was called upon to fill. "It was not to be expected," he writes, "that the head of a revolutionary government on whom depended the lives and fortunes of millions of people could avoid criticism or even bitter hostility. And, unfortunately, Davis was not a man who could well compose differences. He was not a compromiser, and his military education and later political success, arising from the consistent pursuit of a definite line of policy, had only confirmed him in habits of self-confidence and command."

National Ideals There is a distinct flavor of Bryce and de Tocqueville in Professor Albert Bushnell Hart's "National Ideals Historically Traced,"[2] the concluding volume in the "American Nation" serial

[1] Jefferson Davis. By William E. Dodd, Ph.D. G. W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. $1.25, net.

[2] The American Nation, Vol. XXVI. National Ideals Historically Traced. By Albert Bushnell Hart. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2, net.

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history of the United States. Professor Hart himself expressly disclaims any idea of attempting to follow in the footsteps of these distinguished foreign observers of American institutions, but their influence is none the less apparent throughout his book, and, like them, he writes with the air of the disinterested, outside investigator. Not that he is equally successful in this latter respect, for the keen reader will not be long in noting an over-emphasis on the New England, and particularly the Puritan, contribution to the formation of American ideals. And another obvious defect is a tendency to carelessness and unwarranted positiveness of statement. The inclusion of all early immigrants to America, saving only the English and not excepting the Scotch and Irish, under the designation of "foreigners;" the claim that the old Vassall mansion in Cambridge was "always the most beautiful place of residence in America;" and the description of the negro question as "insoluble," are typical illustrations of the blemishes of the work. But it has many excellent features, and on the whole answers well the purpose for which it was written—namely, to measure the American Nation of to-day by its historical progress, and to show "not alone what exists but what it has sprung out of, how it is conditioned by the national experience." In successive chapters, and as a rule with incisiveness, Professor Hart sums up the main facts and tendencies in American history, beginning with a description of the geographic environment and tracing the changes in American ideals brought about by such factors as territorial expansion, contact with dependent races and with newcomers from abroad, financial and governmental problems, and so forth. The chapters on government—subdivided into "self-government," "theories of government," "local government," "federal government," and "unofficial government"—are especially valuable, showing as they do a sure knowledge of the views and practices of the past and a keen perception of present conditions; and warm praise should also be extended to Professor Hart's summaries of our religious, social, intellectual, and territorial development.

Municipal Ownership

In its conclusions Mr. Leonard Darwin's "Municipal Ownership"[1] takes very much the same ground as Professor Hugo R. Meyer's books on the same subject, already reviewed in The Outlook. But Mr. Darwin's treatment is far less partisan and far more convincing than Professor Meyer's. It may fairly be described as a calm and judicious discussion, having for its object the pointing out of better ways of controlling public utilities than have obtained in the past. Wisely enough, Mr. Darwin, who is an Englishman, confines himself to examining the effects of municipal ownership in his native land, where he has long been an attentive student of the utilities problem. Like Professor Meyer, he emphasizes the financial side of the question, and, like him, feels that the cities of England where municipal ownership obtains are losing rather than gaining by the change from private ownership, particularly when one takes into account the revenues inevitably foregone through the eradication of rent-paying corporations like lighting and traction companies. Still, he frankly admits that thus far no very substantial losses have been sustained by England as a whole because of the indulgence of its cities in municipal industry. And, turning to the argument from moral betterment, while he clearly believes that municipal ownership is certain to lower, not elevate, municipal morality, he again admits that so far the experiment has little affected English municipal morality one way or the other. His own remedy for existing evils is not municipal ownership, but a continuance of the system of private ownership, with insistence on short-term franchises and wise restrictions.

The American Government

Mr. H. C. Gauss calls his "The American Government"[1] an "original summarization." It is not only original, but valuable to every one who desires a standard work of reference on the structure and regulations of the American Government and the duties and powers of Federal officials. Nothing seems to have escaped Mr. Gauss's drag-net. Beginning with a clear-cut description of the principles of the governmental system of the United States, he details in turn the characteristics and functioning of the executive, legislative, and judicial branches of the Government, giving precise information as to organization, powers, duties, methods, salaries, etc. Each separate department in the executive branch, for instance, is minutely described; the jurisdiction of the different courts of the Federal judiciary is defined, with lists showing the various judicial districts and the time and place for holding court. The account of the State Department includes full directions for securing passports for foreign travel, and that of the Treasury Department a careful listing of

[1] Municipal Ownership. By Leonard Darwin. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.25, net.

[1] The American Government: Organization and Officials, with the Duties and Powers of Federal Office-Holders. By H. C. Gauss. L. R. Hamersly, New York. $5.

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customs regulations and ports of entry and delivery. The duties of every Federal office-holder, from the most important to the most obscure, are compactly reviewed. In all, the compilation contains nearly nine hundred pages, and every one of them is informative, giving just the sort of information which a busy publicist, journalist, lawyer, or merchant often requires at short notice. It is worth adding that the work is well indexed, and (a great convenience) that the index precedes the text.

The Sphere of Religion

In view of the author's purpose of "interesting thoughtful young men and women, especially those in our colleges, in the study of religion," this is certainly a well-wrought and desirable addition to the copious modern literature upon its subject.[1] It is wide in its range, imbued with the modern spirit, and insistent on the old and tested truths. The distinction made at the outset between religions and their common root in *religion*, the universal and inmost trait of human nature, is especially modern, and needs emphasis till it penetrates the popular mind. The various interests included in the sphere of religion, as sacred books, art, education, the State, and then its relation to theology and to immortality, lead up in an ascending series, as treated here, to a fitting climax in the concluding chapter on "The Present-Day Conception of God." Dr. Hoffman notes at the beginning that at certain periods in the past, and in certain localities at present, "the greatest enemy of religion has been theology"—an avowal helpful to some for an unprejudiced hearing of his argument. He notes, as he nears its end, that "the one pre-eminent demand of the present hour is a truly scientific theology . . . so cautiously constructed as to exclude all fiction, and so profound and comprehensive in its teachings as to include all the facts." Religion, however, is presented as independent of theology, and producing it anew from age to age in truer forms as knowledge grows. The relation of religion to morality—popularly disjoined as they are, though essentially inseparable—might well have formed the subject of an unwritten chapter. One highly important ethical question is, indeed, so intercalated as to evince a conviction of its present urgency—"The Church and the Right to Property." It deserves ampler consideration than present limits permit. The present concentration of our national wealth in comparatively few hands is made an indictment against the justice of our laws. "Those who have been allowed to get possession of the property of the country should at least pay the taxes of the country." The question of moral right thus presented is urged upon the conscience of the churches with this watchword for its proper treatment—"Back to Moses, Back to Christ."

[1] The Sphere of Religion. By Frank Sargent Hoffman, Ph.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.75, net.

The Gould Prize Essays

These three essays[1] were published in 1905, and noticed at the time by The Outlook. The present edition presents them together with the historical and critical appendices originally accompanying them, and a bibliography of the literature of the subject. The objection to the Protestant version of the Scriptures which a Roman Catholic priest had made in correspondence with Miss Helen M. Gould, and his claim that the only authentic version of God's words, "unchanged from the time of Christ," was the one authorized by his Church, occasioned her offer of prizes amounting to $1,750 for the best three essays on the origin and history both of the Douay Version and of the American Revised Version. This drew forth 265 essays from writers in all quarters of the world, several of them from Roman Catholics. The result was to demonstrate that, underlying large differences in matters of secondary importance, both versions convey the same essential Gospel truth in completeness. The continuance, notwithstanding, of the old objection has called forth this second edition, in which the three prize essays are supplemented with an equal bulk of their before unpublished historical, critical, and literary material, showing the sources from which their writers drew, and justifying the conclusions which they reached. The work thus completed far outranks all others on the same subject, contradictable still by intellectual hebetude, or by moral inability to admit plain truth, but nevertheless irrefutable.

The Bishop of Manila

The "Charge" recently given by Bishop Brent to his fellow-missionaries[2] happily illustrates the character and principles which are not yet as universal as sometime they will be in all churches as well as in the Church of which he is a noble leader. The magnanimity which he predicts as "the distinguishing characteristic of the opening era of the Church" already possesses him. He happily defines magnanimity as "conviction steeped in the fairness of humility." Attached to his own Church in thorough love

[1] Roman Catholic and Protestant Bibles Compared: The Gould Prize Essays. Edited by Melancthon Williams Jacobus, D.D. (Second Edition: Revised and Supplemented.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25, net.

[2] The Mind of Christ Jesus in the Church of the Living God. By the Rt. Rev. Charles H. Brent. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 50c., net.

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and loyalty, he would have her less frigid toward other churches, more fraternal. Highly valuing her liturgy, he would abate her "studied disregard of informal public worship." His inclusive conception of the Church prefers a liberal to a rigorous construction of her constitution and canons. To those who find religious benefit in invoking the prayers of departed saints he is willing to concede the privilege, though not interested in it. His aim—without slighting his own convictions, "to place them on the same level with the convictions of others, and to give to both equal consideration"—is the distinctive mark of a truly catholic Christianity.

Christian Science This [1] is a well-considered, careful, and judicial interpretation of the Christian Science movement. It is as clear and as intelligent as it is possible to make of a movement which is itself neither intelligent nor clear. Pure idealism is comprehensible as a theory, but Christian Science is not pure idealism. If it were, it would leave furnaces out of the house. The doctrine that a man has great power over the body is a doctrine quite comprehensible, but this is not the doctrine of Christian Science, for it does not aver that man has power to conquer pain, which is often true, but that there is no real pain, save in the mind, to be conquered. Mr. Powell's book will not be satisfactory to the advocates of Christian Science, because it does not advocate Christian Science; it will not be satisfactory to the assailants of Christian Science, because it does not assail Christian Science. It ought to be satisfactory to those who wish a fair-minded and judicial interpretation of Christian Science by one who is neither its assailant nor its defender.

Anarchism The endless variety and hopeless confusion of Anarchistic doctrines are clearly developed for the English-speaking reader by a recent translation of Dr. Paul Eltzbacher's "Anarchism." [2] Dr. Eltzbacher is a German professor, who, without himself being an Anarchist, felt that there was real need for a work which should set forth, in brief compass, what Anarchism actually means. Accordingly, he pored long and diligently over the writings of noted Anarchistic teachers, and from their works finally made a compilation giving their views on the fundamental problems of law, the State, and property. The writers represented in this compilation are seven in number—Godwin, Proudhon, Stirner, Bakunin, Kropotkin, Tucker, and Tolstoy—and Dr. Eltzbacher's translator has no hesitation in affirming that the net result of his labors is that "we have here, without doubt, the most complete and accurate presentation of Anarchism that ever has been given or ever will be given in so short a space." At the same time the translator, Mr. Steven T. Byington, takes occasion to disagree from Dr. Eltzbacher's conclusions, which exhibit, as was said, the striking and, in our opinion, ineradicable differences between the views of the authorities quoted. We do feel, with Mr. Byington, however, that the weakest part of the book is the preliminary statement of Dr. Eltzbacher's own views on law, the State, and property—views presented with needless wordiness and repetition, difficult to grasp and made more difficult by a fondness for terms of many syllables. The publisher of the translation, it is perhaps worth noting, has seen fit to emphasize the subject of the book by what may be called an Anarchistic typography, printing its pages in irregular lines much like the lines to be found in typewritten copy. The innovation is anything but agreeable to the eye.

The Cities of St. Paul A warm welcome awaits this volume [1] of the Dale Memorial Lectures at Oxford from every reader of its author's work, "St. Paul, the Traveller and Roman Citizen." Paul, "a Hebrew of the Hebrews," was born and reared in a Greek city, a noted seat of learning, where Asiatics and Europeans, now usually fancied to be incompatible, came together in a well-blended community. Naturally, thus he grew away from the narrow and bigoted Judaism of the Temple. As he lived and labored in other Greek cities, the philosophic conceptions, acquired in Tarsus, of a human unity and brotherhood transcending the limits of nation and race formed the mold in which his conception of Christianity as a world-religion was cast. There is much in the Pauline letters that no mere Jew could write, while there is also much that only a Jew could write. The Oriental mind and the Western are there in one. A peculiarly Western trait Professor Ramsay finds in the idea of development, with which "for the first time since Aristotle" Paul carried Greek thought forward. "Moral excellence is to him not a mere quality; it is a purpose to be attained, an end to be reached, a prize to be won by a course." The sublime passage in Romans viii. 19–22 contemplates the process and the issue in terms then attributable only to one

[1] Christian Science: The Faith and Its Founder. By Lyman P. Powell. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.25, net.

[2] Anarchism. By Dr. Paul Eltzbacher. Translated by Steven T. Byington. Benj. R. Tucker, New York.

[1] The Cities of St. Paul: Their Influence on his Life and Thought. By W. M. Ramsay, Kt., Hon. D.C.L. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. $3.

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acquainted with Greek philosophy. It was the aim of Paul to gather into his ideal of a Christlike society all that was true and divine in the existing world of thought and life. His religious universalism would have saved the Empire by reforming the State, but the Church as the party of reform was intolerable to the throne. When the imperial policy of repression by massacre had failed, Pauline Christianity had vanished, to reappear with power in the modern world. These lectures aim to show the element in Paul's thought of social reorganization which was contributed by Greek ideas of development in individual freedom guided by education. They abound in points of historical, Biblical, and antiquarian interest, with serious criticism of various current views. Much the largest section of the volume is deservedly given to Paul's native city. "Tarsus in the reign of Augustus is the one example known in history of a State ruled by a University acting through its successive principals." Here and in four Galatian cities, Antioch, Iconium, Derbe, Lystra, is given an object-lesson upon a modern problem in the spectacle of a more or less complete and successful amalgamation of Asiatics and Europeans, and of a true system of education as adjusting them to each other in equal freedom and reciprocal influence and respect. "This," says Professor Ramsay, "is the platform on which Christianity, alone among the religions of the world, claimed in the beginning to move and to work."

The Philosophical Basis of Religion

"Our problem," says the author of these keenly reasoned essays in the reconstruction and history of religious belief,[1] "is to determine the form which the principle of Christianity must take in view of the present state of science, art, morality, and social organization." The basis of external authority on which religion was for centuries placed has broken down, and a securer basis must be found in reason. It must be assumed that the world is rational, and that the rationality which is in human nature is capable of truly comprehending it as such. "The only thing which is fatal to a religion is the conviction that it has no basis in the nature of things." What, then, is this? The answer is that the universe is the expression of an infinite but "self-limiting, self-differentiating [life-] principle;" that we, as self-conscious beings, would not be intelligible apart from the conception of "an immanent teleology," proceeding from "the same universal principle as accounts for the universe as a whole." It is in man rather than in the material universe that the inmost nature of things is disclosed, "because he alone finds that in comprehending himself he is comprehending the ultimate principle of all that is." The "constructive idealism" whose position is thus succinctly defined has the merit of exhibiting the divine immanence as dynamic and purposive—a point where many thinkers fail. It has also the merit of showing the inseparableness of complete morality from religion. "We cannot maintain the objective character of morality without basing it upon the ultimate nature of things as realized in God." Dr. Watson strongly dissents from those who decry theology in its task of formulating the content of the religious consciousness, and content themselves with religious feeling. "It is the grasp of reality which is the source and measure at once of power of thought and depth of emotion." He controverts Professor James's pragmatism and Professor Harnack's Ritschlianism. These lectures, six of which were recently given in Brooklyn, and eight others of which are critical studies in the historical evolution of religious thought, eminently deserve the attention of those who agree with their author that "nothing short of a complete revision of theological ideas can bring permanent satisfaction to our highly reflective age."

[1] The Philosophical Basis of Religion. By John Watson, M.A., LL.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $3.

Quatrains of Christ

It would be practically impossible for any one to write a hundred and twenty-three quatrains like these[1] without some sagging in spots. Furthermore, it seems rather bold to take the Rubáiyát meter as a model. There must always thus be a reminder of the greater poem. But in its often tense and terse line the present volume contains no "pagan" verse. Instead, it tells the story of the soul's belief in Christ, and describes a vision of the Christ-ideal as it may be lived in this very present world. The author sometimes voices one's own imprisoned and unexpressed thought, which may have vainly struggled for utterance. Thus this new poet seems a real interpreter of the religious life.

[1] Quatrains of Christ. By George Creel. The Independent Press, Kansas City, Missouri.

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Letters to The Outlook

CONCILIATION THE REMEDY

Your excellent article, "A Plea for Straight Thinking," is in line with other sane essays on the labor question which have appeared in The Outlook. To me, however, they seem to stop short of a policy of conciliation. It is not enough to assert that Labor and Capital are partners; some definite *modus vivendi* ought to be outlined and advocated, even if final articles of partnership cannot yet be formulated.

The time must come eventually when capital and labor will live in quiet agreement; for constraint exerted by either can at best produce only a temporary and unstable equilibrium. It even seems possible to predict at least some features of the era of peaceful co-operation. Clearly each of the two partners must receive a fair share of the rewards, for the association must be mutually beneficial; the liberties of each must be duly respected, and all avoidable uncertainties must be eliminated. But such a state of things can come about only on condition that the affairs of labor and the affairs of capital are conducted on the same plane of intelligence and with a corresponding degree of responsibility.

It cannot be attained while, as you put it, "one of the partners is an infant in his logical faculties, though a giant in strength." Superior mentality often can and sometimes will take undue advantage, and then disturbances are bound to follow. Even the most carefully guarded schemes of profit-sharing cannot be trusted to eliminate the effects of superior intelligence when this happens to be unscrupulous. Again, when the era of peace sets in, there must be no broken bargains short of the collapse of industries due to unforeseeable contingencies. The relations between capital and labor will then be like those between two capitalists who exchange their commodities, say, coal and steam-engines, to mutual advantage, each party being financially responsible for the bargains he makes.

Labor can secure intelligent leadership and can make itself a responsible bidder in just one way—a way now suggested for the first time, but not yet systematically urged upon the world by any journal so prominent as yours. Let the labor unions incorporate and have a modest treasury sufficient to pay for the services of men intelligent enough to conduct trust companies or factories; a treasury sufficiently rich, also, to serve as security that bargains made shall be duly executed. Then there will be no hesitation on the part of capitalists in recognizing unions; then unions can deal with capitalists as equals, sure of not being overreached, while capitalists will not live in dread that a few hot-headed or malicious workmen will bring about a violation of the bargains the union has made. Capitalists would be as willing to get their labor from a responsible company as their steam-engines or their coal, while the business managers of the union would make fair terms with capitalists as to hours of labor and the like, because they would understand the needs and conditions of successful commerce. The unions themselves would be companies whose capital is human labor instead of accumulated savings; and such companies would have every motive for desiring the prosperity of their customers.

The principles of the solution are simple, and it seems impossible that a stable industrial equilibrium should come about until these principles are carried into effect. The administrative difficulties of putting them into operation do not appear to me great, and the total expense for the whole United States would not equal that of one large strike.

But there is one enormous difficulty, which only sane and patriotic journalism can overcome, and this is to persuade the workmen of the country that it is to their own advantage to forego the advantages which inhere in the lack of responsibility of the unions. This irresponsibility incites capital to secure itself by hard bargains. It leads to hard feelings, and to most of the manifold ills of industrial strife.

G. F. B.

Washington, D. C.

A CORRECTION

Mr. McFarland, the author of "Buffalo: A City of Homes," in The Outlook's March Magazine Number, sends us the following note from General Hayes explaining more fully a matter touched upon in that article: "In your article on Buffalo you inadvertently make a misstatement that I wish you might correct, as it does an injustice. I refer to the endowment of the Episcopal Church—St. Paul's. My proposition to them was that if they would raise $50,000, I would add $50,000 to it, and that for every additional $1,000 they raised above that, up to $75,000 total, I would give $2,000, so that if they raised $75,000 I would give them $100,000, making a total sum of $175,000, and as they had

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already $25,000, they would have a fund of $200,000. In consequence of this a sum of $82,000 was raised, of which the members of St. Paul's parish contributed a little over $75,000, although it is a poor parish. By comparing this with the statement in the article you will, I think, see wherein an injustice is made, particularly towards the members of the parish, who made a noble and successful effort. Besides, I am given a credit unjustly."

THE STATES AND THE TIMBER SUPPLY

A letter recently published in the Philadelphia Press tells of a forest of fifteen hundred acres of well-grown trees owned by William Jennings, Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. The trees are about thirty years old and require about ten years' additional growth to mature them. For the purpose of taxation, this property has been assessed at its present market value, placing the owner under an obligation to pay taxes not only this year, but each year until cut, notwithstanding there is no annual income and it can be marketed but once. As the owner cannot afford this annual tax, he has no choice but to cut the trees before maturity.

This instance illustrates the principal obstacle to the propagation of forests for the use of future generations. Thus far natural forests have furnished the people an abundance of cheap building material, but the supply is so reduced that in a few years it practically will be exhausted. Beyond doubt, this subject should be of great interest to the people of the various States. The President and the Forestry Department have secured important legislation by Congress for the protection and preservation of our natural forests, but little that is practical has been done by the State governments to conserve the timber supply owned by individuals or to encourage them to propagate forests in such States as were originally treeless and in those from which the forests have been cut. It behooves the State governments to secure early and general cooperation of landholders through legislation which recognizes the following fundamental requirements:

First. That the production of a forest must show a prospective profit to the owner before there will be any considerable undertaking in that direction.

Second. The State must exempt from taxation all lands set aside for the production of forests. Congress cannot exempt property of this kind. It must be done by the State Legislatures.

Third. That, in consideration of the exemption of such lands from taxation, the State should acquire an interest in the property to the extent that it can say when and in what manner the trees may be cut; otherwise there will be no assurance that the land set aside for forestry will be used for that purpose a sufficient length of time for growth to maturity. In many cases the successors of the persons planting the forests would cut the timber before maturity so as to use the lands for other purposes, sacrificing the interest which the State would have acquired indirectly by loss of taxes on the property during previous years.

In a broad way, the State laws must be framed to encourage the propagation of forests in small estates rather than in large holdings, so that the plantings will be widely scattered over the whole State and can easily and cheaply be protected from fire by their owners. The expense to the owner of protecting from fire and live stock a large forest until maturity would be too great and too uncertain for any one to engage in such an undertaking.

There is a mistaken idea among a large number of people that the lumbermen, who have cut the timber and who at present and heretofore have owned timber lands, are under certain obligations to reforest them for the benefit of future generations. There is no obligation whatever beyond that of any individual. The people have had the benefit from the abundance of cheap building since the manufacture of lumber began in this country. Considering the magnitude of the lumber industry and the great number of people engaged in it, the fortunes made have been comparatively few and moderate in size, quite in contrast with those made in iron and other industries.

GEORGE S. GARDINER.

Laurel, Mississippi.

A FAIRY TALE

I recently discovered an interesting statement in an English book. In "The Fairyland of Science," by Arabella B. Buckley, on page 122 we learn that "the river Niagara first wanders through a flat country, and then reaches the great Lake Erie in a hollow of the plain. After that it flows gently down for about fifteen miles, and then the slope becomes greater and it rushes on to the Falls of Niagara." It is such a choice example of the lack of knowledge which some foreign writers have of the geography of this country that I thought you would be interested in it.

E. O. L.

Baltimore, Maryland.

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OLD SURGEON

Found Coffee Caused Hands to Tremble

The surgeon's duties require clear judgment and a steady hand. A slip or an unnecessary incision may do irreparable damage to the patient.

When he found that coffee drinking caused his hands to tremble, an Ills. surgeon conscientiously gave it up and this is his story:

"For years I was a coffee drinker until my nervous system was nearly broken down, my hands trembled so I could hardly write, and insomnia tortured me at night.

"Besides, how could I safely perform operations with unsteady hands, using knives and instruments of precision? When I saw plainly the bad effects of coffee, I decided to stop it, and three years ago I prepared some Postum, of which I had received a sample.

"The first cupful surprised me. It was mild, soothing, delicious. At this time I gave some Postum to a friend who was in a similar condition to mine from the use of coffee.

"A few days after I met him, and he was full of praise for Postum, declaring he would never return to coffee but stick to Postum. We then ordered a full supply, and within a short time my nervousness and consequent trembling, as well as insomnia disappeared, blood circulation became normal, no dizziness nor heat flashes.

"My friend became a Postum enthusiast, his whole family using it exclusively.

"It would be the fault of the one who brewed the Postum if it did not taste good when served.

"The best food may be spoiled if not properly made. Postum should be boiled according to directions on the pkg. Then it is all right, anyone can rely on it. It ought to become the national drink." "There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

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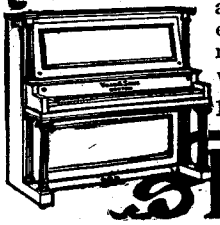

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